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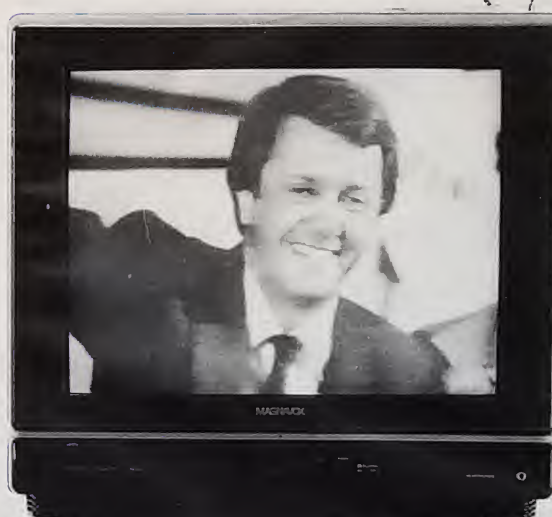
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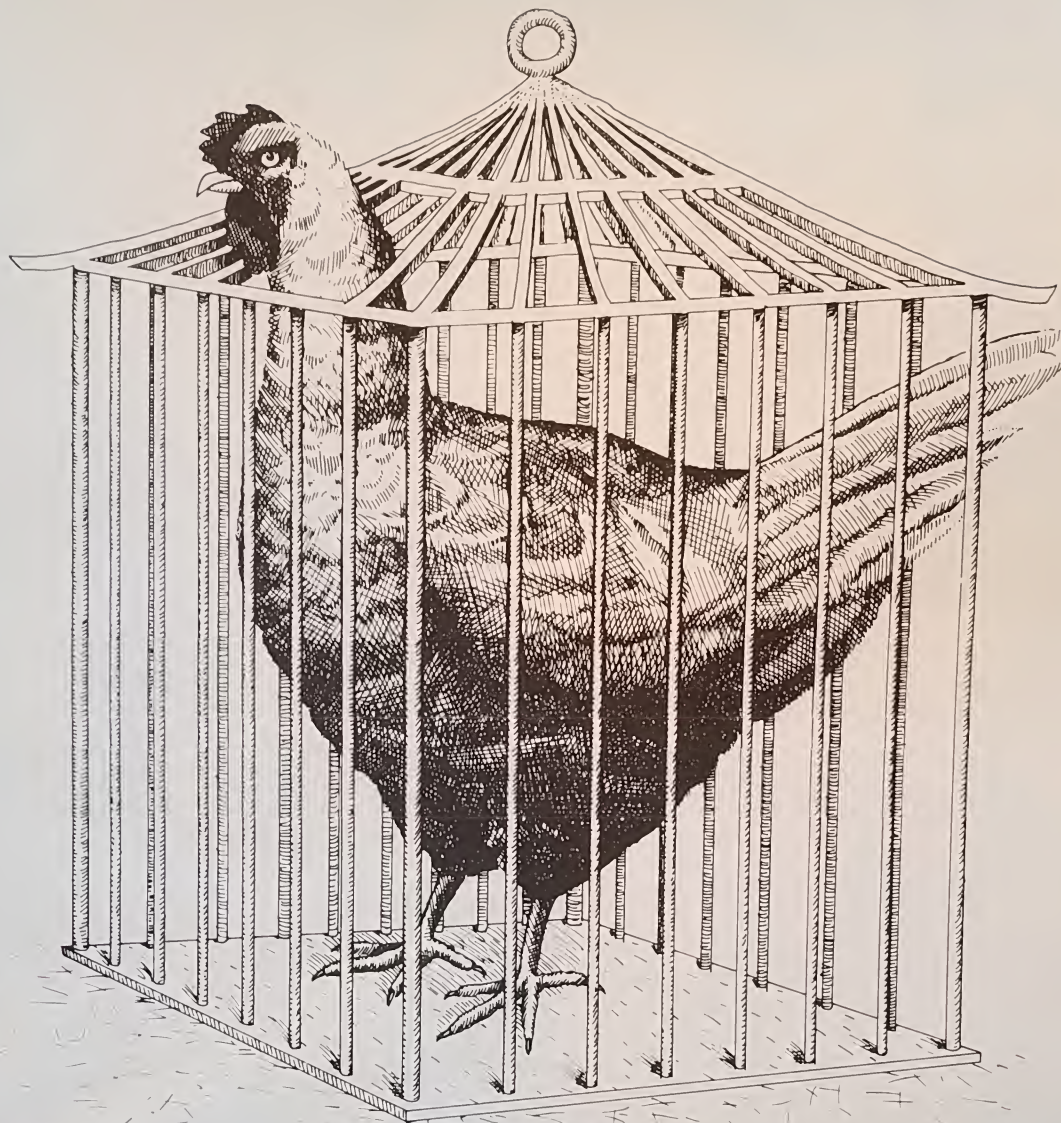




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Volume 3, Number 1

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## LETTERS

### The Enchanting Beast

Walker Thomas' "Notes from a Solitary Beast" (*City Magazine*, December) was enchanting. Please run more of his work. I find him a better writer than Edward Abbey, and wish him a long life of sharing with those of us too timid to attempt his involvement with nature.

Kathryn Georgiadis

### The Forrest of Tumamoc Hill

Dear Iggy,

You, of all beings, could appreciate a botanist named "Forest"; however, Mr. Shreve spelled his first name "Forrest" (*City Magazine*, November, page 53).

Surely the benevolent ghost of Forrest Shreve still walks Tumamoc Hill, a largely untouched rise south of St. Mary's Hospital, now nearly surrounded by the relentless urbanization of our valley. Mr. Shreve, under the aegis of the Carnegie Botanical Laboratory established at the turn of the century, staked out several plots there to study "the movements of desert plants." These plots are still under study, a rich legacy to all of us who love the Sonoran Desert.

I thoroughly enjoy your magazine and have since its inception. I wouldn't mind a little more rabble-rousing.

Betty Milleson Fink

### No Swarm from Clarkdale

Thank you for the nice coverage in the November 1987 issue of *City Magazine*. I enjoyed the interview with Lawrence W. Cheek very much indeed. One correction I should like to call to your attention:

"...When I graduated from Clarkdale High School, all twelve of us came down here..."

If it was meant to imply that all twelve of us graduating from Clarkdale High School in 1925 came down to Tucson, that is incorrect, as I recall that only two of us came to the University of Arizona. On the other hand, if it was meant to say that all twelve of my family came down, that too is incorrect as there were only the two of us in the family: my mother and myself.

Also, and this is my fault, my two degrees were both with a major in English. The philosophy bit was intended to indicate a minor for the master's degree.

Patricia Paylore

### We've Called Avon, but No Answer

*City Magazine* is an excellent publication all 'round including occasional poems of less than Shakespearean quality! Don't let the detractors lead you to subtract.

I am especially grateful for high-quality B/W photography. It's becoming an endangered genre in the glitzy press these days.

Jerrold Levy

### Our Town Dances Into Cityhood

On October 23 I had the pleasure of seeing a performance of Ballet Arts Ensemble at Centennial Hall, and came away feeling that Tucson had at last come of age. The Company performed excerpts from popular works plus some new things and wowed 'em, as show folks say.

I went at the urging of a friend and because I love dance, not because I had any very high expectations of dance in Tucson, where the scene has been bleak. Surprise, surprise. The dancers are young, beautiful, full of grace and well rehearsed. Wait, there's more: Sabrina Vasquez is a star.

I later learned that the production was put together for \$5,000. How did a tiny company with no money manage it? It's rather interesting that so many arts groups wallow in the excuse of "if only we had the money to do a really good show" while this group just did it.

I'm not suggesting that we let Ballet Arts starve lest they become complacent. Actually I'd like it even better with real sets and real music. But what ex-

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## LETTERS

cites me is that for the first time in a long time we saw a dance troupe that didn't embarrass us. In my view ballet is the most sophisticated of the performing arts, and a town becomes a city when it has a professional ballet company. Who knows? With the right encouragement, maybe Tucson will have one.

Carol Wilson

### The Power of the Mountains

Almost the last thing I did before leaving Tucson after a visit was to read the anniversary issue (November) of *City Magazine*. It only served to confirm my feeling that I will be back to this city, perhaps to live. Who can be sure in this world?

The quote on the cover ("But the mountains make you stay") reflects my emotions. I made a friend, enjoyed the sunsets, felt within me the power of the mountains.

Thank you, Tucson, you touched me in more ways than you shall know. Thank you, *City Magazine*, for providing me with a memory until I can return.

Lynn Clark  
Springfield, Missouri

*We like to hear from you, but please keep it short. We reserve the right to edit letters, which must be signed. Also include a return address and phone number (which we won't publish). Send your letters to: City Magazine, 1050 E. River Road, Suite 200, Tucson, Arizona 85718.*



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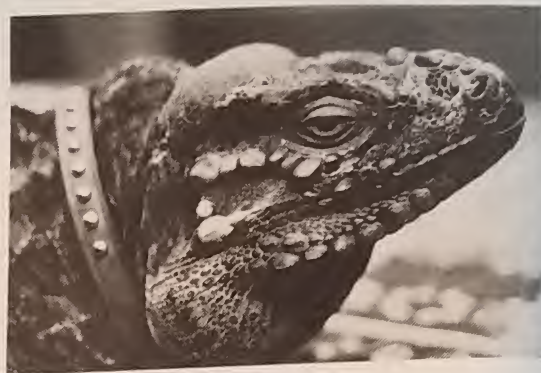
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## HOWDY



Howdy,

It's hard to face the New Year with bleary eyes, but the way the air is going in these parts everyone sees red now. Looking out over the gunk that cloaks the valley these days is enough to make your skin crawl, and for an iguana that can be a serious-to-the-max tingle.

Anyway, it's time to shape up and set some goals, take some vows and try not to make 1988 the iguana torture chamber that lots of '87 turned out to be. Okay, here's my shot at virtue: I wanna be good. What's more....

1. Let's stop talking about the filth that floats over this burg and start doing something about it besides whining.

2. Let's stop slaughtering those lizard love nests, the riverbeds, with phony jive about linear parks and channelization, and let's start setting aside land on the flood plain and let our washes keep that natural look: all crooked and wandering and inviting to scaly Romeos and Juliets.

3. I promise for the next twelve months not to bite a politician—until I've had my shots.

4. I will say kind words about our poor sister city to the north—aw, forget that. I'm already a vegetarian and this virtue business has limits.

Tucson's not a bad place to be. Let's see if we can deliver up a year in which the town ends better than it began—instead of worse. It shouldn't be hard. Back in school, when I was just a hatchling, the teach told me that that was what progress was all about.

Iggy

P.S. Starting this month Dave Brown becomes the Outdoor Editor of *City Magazine*. Dave has spent a few decades with Arizona Game & Fish trying to salvage the iguana pastures of Arizona. He's the only man I've ever had a drink with who wrote a whole book about our local squirrels. He's also wasted time celebrating wolves and grizzly bears, disgusting meat eaters that they are. Look for his monthly column and occasional features from the war zone, our land.

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# WHERE TO HOWL

TUCSON'S GUIDE TO WHAT'S HAPPENING



Photo: D. James Dee

Men in the Cities: Final Life, 1981-82. By Robert Longo. Smorgon Family Collection of Contemporary American Art

## Wrestling Wrage Jan. 13

This is the way it works: You have grown men in Spandex. They bite on each other's heads, bounce off the ropes, and make bizarre faces at each other. Hulk Hogan, Randy "Macho Man" Savage and Junkyard Dog are a few of these cavemen of the ring. This is performance art on the primal level—but they get paid better for it. Sponsored by the World Wrestling Federation at 7:30 p.m. in the TCC arena. Adm. charge. Info, 791-4266.

## KLPX Does Tucson Jan. 17

Wall-to-wall human flesh. Last year, 25,000 specimens boogied at this bazaar for the MTV generation. Haircuts, sushi, exotic coffee beans, clothing—you know, all the standard fare the upwardly mobile need for nourishment—are for purchase, everything discounted 20-50 percent. The best thing here is free—people gawking. Entertainment. Prizes. Sponsored by KLPX—they've thrown out the playlist on this one and will be playing all kinds of music. Free. 10 a.m.-5 p.m. TCC arena, 622-6711.

## The Tucson Marathon Returns Jan. 24

The first Tucson Marathon was run 17 years ago, but has continued only sporadically since. The last time we had one was 1985, and it was plagued by problems from cost overruns to course logistics. But the sponsors promise improvements this year. The Southern Arizona Roadrunners Club, Bellanah Community Development, Aries Enterprises, Inc., and Young, Smith & Peacock are sponsoring the return. Finally, the tree-huggers and cement-heads get together on something. Race starts at 8 a.m. Entry fee \$10. The course begins and ends at Rita Ranch on South Houghton Rd. Further info, 885-2294.

## Disney on Ice Jan. 26-31

Disneyland isn't the only place where fantasies come true. We've got Mickey, we've got Donald, we've even got Minnie and Goofy. All the Disney characters come to the

## JANUARY'S CHOICE

Old Pueblo with this ice theater. A family affair. Adm. charge. TCC arena. Times and ticket info, 791-4266.

## File Sale Jan. 26

Starting a business? Feel like redecorating your den? If you just like to haunt bargain-basement sales in the hopes of finding some hidden pleasure, don't miss this one. There's a truckload of gray, green and other institutional, utilitarian items stuffed away in TMC's Yavapai building, just waiting to be bought and carted away to a new home. TMC sells the stuff to make room for its own redecorations, but their loss is our gain. Also, an assortment of electric appliances. Sponsored by the Tucson Medical Center Auxiliary. From 7:00 a.m.-4:00 p.m. Free. Info, 327-5461, ext. 5355.

## Have Heart Jan. 30

The 29th annual Tucson Heart Ball is a black tie/silver lamé bash that will empty your wallet (tickets are \$125 per person) and fill your heart with charitable feelings. All proceeds to benefit the American Heart Association on its mission of reducing premature death and disability due to cardiovascular disease and stroke. Besides, dancing is good for the heart. Info, 795-1403.

## UA Basketball Jan. 7, 9, 21, 24, 28

It's a month jammed with home games and conference championship hopes around McKale Center. Jan. 7 the UA Wildcats meet California; Jan. 9 they greet Stanford; Jan. 21 they battle Southern Cal; Jan. 24 they take on UCLA; Jan. 28, the game that gets to the heart of the matter, a blow-out with ASU. Nothing beats the squeal of sneakers bopping across hardwood—especially when Lute and the Cats are on a streak. Warning: you may have

to sell your firstborn to a scalper to get a ticket. Game time usually at 7:30 p.m. Info, 621-4163.

## Bucking Broncos Jan. 15-17

It ain't easy to ride one and it ain't fun being thrown off. Professional cowboys ride the meanest kind of horseflesh in the PRCA Turquoise Circuit Finals Rodeo. One of the largest of its kind. Old Tucson Rodeo Grounds. Adm. charge. Info, 883-0100.

## Tireless Efforts Jan. 22-24

If it's been worn, carried or slept under, call it wall art for the Tucson Quilters Guild's 10th annual show. Display, raffles, handmade gifts, fashion show and demonstrations. Jan. 22, 23 from 10 a.m.-7 p.m.; Jan. 24 from 10 a.m.-5 p.m. A new quilt, log cabin style, gets raffled on the last day at 4 p.m. Tucson Woman's Club, 6245 E. Bellevue. Adm. \$1. Info, 326-0180.

## The Trendy Show of the Year Through Jan. 31

The Smorgon Family Collection of Contemporary Art is delivering '80s power hitters to the Tucson Museum of Art. At the vanguard of their field, these artists have renounced the abstract styles of the past three decades in favor of narrative content, sarcasm and social commentary. Included are works by artists Eric Fischl, Keith Haring, Jenny Holzer, Robert Longo, David Salle, Julian Schnabel, Cindy Sherman and Terry Winters. Don't miss. Adm. charge. Info, 624-2333.

## Cats for Sale Jan. 25

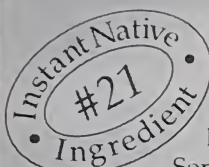
We've gotta hand it to Alexandra Jupin, the impresario of UA's Centennial Hall—since her arrival in town two years ago the Artist Series has brought more and more big-time artists and shows to the Old Pueblo, including touring Broadway productions. That's what the acclaimed musical "Cats" is, and tickets go on sale today. They're priced at \$37, \$34, or \$25. Consider it a bargain—in New York they're double that. Shows April 23 and 24. UA Box Office. Info, 621-3364.





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## WHERE TO HOWL

# HEAD SHOP

### Recreation Registration Jan. 3-11

Tucson Parks and Recreation begins its annual mail-in registration for spring session leisure classes—more than 200 subjects for adults, teens and children offered. Classes run from Jan. 19 – Mar. 28 and are listed in the "Tucson Parks and Recreation Review," available at city offices, libraries and rec centers. Mail-in registration Jan. 3-8; in-person registration Jan. 9 & 11 at Reid Park Assembly Hall, 900 S. Randolph Way, 10 a.m.-6 p.m. Info, 791-4877.

### Greenhorn Thumbs Jan. 7

Are you new to the desert? Get a newcomer's guided tour of the Tucson Botanical Gardens from 9-11 a.m. and get to know our desert's unique and often peculiar flora and growing conditions. Find out how you can produce the healthiest greens your garden can bear. Admission \$1. 2150 N. Alvernon. 326-9255.

### Art at El Con Jan. 7-9

Take a break from shopping and searching and rest your eyes on El Con Mall's art exhibition. Artists will be on hand to demonstrate their skills. Regular mall hours. Info, 327-6053.

### Life Enrichment Series Jan. 7, 14, 21, 28

Tucson Medical Center launches the new year focusing on "Resolutions." Jan. 7, counselor Barbara Pritchard assists in repatterning negative eating behavior; Jan. 14, Lisa Morton from TMC's Lifegain program explores the changes of aging and health; Jan. 21, physiologist Shelley Whitlatch will tailor an appropriate exercise program; Jan. 28, pulmonary nurse Orpha Luben provides steps toward quitting smoking. Sheraton El Conquistador at 7:30 p.m. Free. Info, 327-5461, ext. 1805.

### We Are The World Jan. 10, 24, 31

The World Geographic Society, Inc., presents color film stories in its annual travel

adventure series. Jan. 10, Ed Lark moderates "We Norwegians" from two perspectives—as a visitor would see the beauty of Norway and how the natives see it themselves; Jan. 24, Thayer Soule, a passionate devotee of Mexico, hails "The Magic of Mexico"; Gene Wiancko conducts the month's finale Jan. 31 in a discourse on Japan. Tired of your backyard? Just amble over to TCC music hall at 2:30 p.m. Season tickets (six forums) \$22.50. Single ticket info, 326-7577.

### Fear of Bats?

Jan. 11

Puncture the myths and find out the facts when Dr. Donna Howell gives a slide presentation on the ecological roles of bats. UA Harvill Auditorium at 7:30 p.m. Sponsored by the Tucson Audubon Society. Free. Info, 629-0510.

### Women's Roundtable Jan. 12

The holiday season has come and gone, but your body and mind may still be ballooned with stress. Nurse Dale Reimer offers tips on relief spelled "Management of Personal Stress" at 7 p.m. in the Radisson Suite Hotel, Speedway and Wilmot. Members \$5; \$10 general. Info, 299-6626.

### Eating Disorders Jan. 14

Karlynn Baker of Westcenter discusses the hazards of bulimia and anorexia at 7 p.m. at the Desert Institute of the Healing Arts, 639 N. 6th Ave. Question-and-answer period. Free. Info, 882-0899.

### Big Bucks Strategy Jan. 14-16

Lost it all on Black Monday? The International Association for Financial Planners offers a symposium designed to help you make it back. Ideas, displays, discourses. Of course you have to spend some to make some. Registration charge, \$150. Thurs. 10 a.m.-6:40 p.m.; Fri. 7 a.m.-7 p.m.; Sat. 7 a.m.-12:15 p.m. Includes lunches and dinner. Sponsored by the International Association for Financial Planners. Holiday Inn Broadway. Info, 881-1778.

### Preventive Medicine Jan. 21

"What To Do Before Calling The Doctor: Naturopathic Treatment for the Whole Family." If you're a worrier who cringes at each new ache or pain, Dr. William D. Nager,

naturopathic physician at the Tucson Clinic of Holistic Health, might provide you with some healing words—before you run to the E.R. 7 p.m. at The Desert Institute of the Healing Arts, 639 N. 6th Ave. Free. Info, 882-0899.

### Weave Your Own Jan. 22, 23, 24

Juanita Ahill, traditional Tohono O'odham basket weaver, and Muffin Burgess, educator with Native Seeds-SEARCH, conduct and demonstrate a three-day Tohono O'odham basketry workshop. Find out the artistic uses of devil's claws, beargrass and yucca. Jan. 22, 10:30 a.m.-3:30 p.m.; Jan. 23, 9 a.m.-3 p.m. and Jan. 24, 1-4 p.m. Pre-registration required. Tucson Botanical Gardens, 2150 N. Alvernon. Fee \$50.00; members \$40. Info, 326-9255.

# EVENTS

### Health in '88

Jan. 1-31

The Third Annual Health Happening is an extravaganza to help you take stock of your body. Haul it over to the Cultural Arts Auditorium at Reid Park and check out the do's and don't's of a healthy life. 200 S. Alvernon Way from 1-5 p.m. Sponsored by Tucson Parks and Recreation. Info, 791-4663.

### Little Joe

Jan. 2

No, this is not "Bonanza" revisited, it's a Latin music festival of dancing and music, provided by Little Joe and the group Tierra. TCC arena at 8 p.m. Adm. charge. Info, 791-4266.

### Flash Flying

Jan. 5-May 8

Described as a cinema-360-degree film, "Flyers" fills the planetarium with the sounds and sights of aerial stunt flying that only adrenaline junkies dare attempt. If you gag at heights, speed or the sensations of impending death, take some Dramamine first. In UA Flandrau Auditorium. Adm. \$3.50 adults; \$2.75 seniors, students, children. Info on times, 621-STAR.

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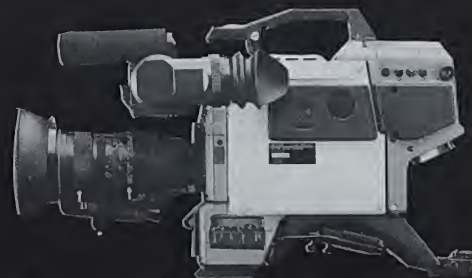


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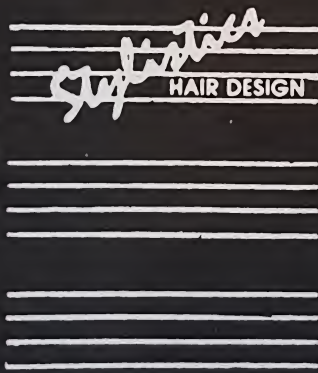
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## WHERE TO HOWL

### Wet and Wander Jan. 6-10

Check out water toys for the rich and not-so-rich when rowboats rub bows with yachts in the annual Boat and Travel Show at TCC. Snoop around inside RVs—the ultimate for the outwardly mobile. Events run throughout the day, but weren't set at presstime. Adm. charge. Info, 791-4266.

### Grand Canyon Classic Jan. 9, 10

Admire the sleekness of the Appaloosa horse in the Grand Canyon Classic Appaloosa Horse Show at the Pima County Fairgrounds. Sat. evening they're having cattle-penning and reining (special patterns that horses must run) and demonstrations on how to train your horse. 8 a.m. 'til done. Free. 624-1013 or 744-3936.

### Pitchin' Shoes Jan. 9

A hands-on chance at the Pima County Classic Tournament. Watch the boys (and girls) flaunt throwing arms in a fierce game of horseshoes. Trophies awarded. South side of Reid Park. Sponsored by Tucson Parks and Recreation. Get info on joining the pitchers' association. 9 a.m. Info, 575-8807 or 298-6088.

### Struts Jan. 9

Tucson Dance Academy (DanceWest) will be competing in the first Tucson Regency Talent Competition at Holiday Inn Downtown. An all-day event to catch prima ballerinas, modern movement artists, et al. strutting their stuff. Info, 886-9155.

### Hook, Line and Sinker Jan. 9

Registration is 6:30 a.m. for the fishing derby for kids age 4-13 at Reid Park, sponsored by Tucson Parks and Recreation and the Sunshine Kiwanis. Make sure they wear warm clothes and bring poles, reels, hooks and bait. Prizes awarded. Info, 791-4879 or 791-5132.

### Patch the Past Jan. 9

A quest to locate, identify and catalog all the handmade and historic quilts in the state begins in the center court of Park Mall. The old patched and musty-smelling blanket that belonged to Aunt Flo might be worth something. Regular mall hours. Info, 747-7575.

### Heart Throbs Jan. 9

Get in hearty shape while you sweat and grunt your way through an aerobic dance-a-thon for charity at the first annual American Heart Association's "Dance for Heart." \$5 registration fee. The more pledges you get, the more prizes you receive. All proceeds to the American Heart Association. Randolph Recreation Center, 200 S. Alvernon. Be there at 10 a.m.—dancing from 10:30 a.m. 'til 2:30 p.m. Info, 795-1403.

### Charity Plant Sale Jan. 9, 10

La Frontera's benefit plant sale takes place at Park Mall's main entrance. Find some gangas on house and garden plants. Regular mall hours. Info, 747-7575.

### Shutterbugs Jan. 12-18

A juried exhibition of b&w, color, and non-silver photography at Ft. Lowell Recreation Center, 2900 N. Craycroft. Non-refundable fee of \$3 per entry must accompany hand-delivered works, which will be accepted Jan. 2-8, from 9 a.m.-noon and 1-4 p.m. Info, 791-5289.

### Old-Fashioned Christmas Through Jan. 13

The Arizona Historical Society/Fremont House Branch Museum are extending the holiday spirit of Territorial and Victorian days with an exhibition that ranges from antique ornaments and children's toys to traditional tree-decorating techniques and two tabletop trees. Escape from the malls into the past. Free. Wed.-Sat., 10 a.m.-4 p.m. Info, 622-0956.

### Wear Polka Dots Jan. 14-17

The 40th annual Southern Arizona Square and Round Dance Festival offers all the moves except slam-dancing. Square dance aficionados get down with modern western swing, round dances, cha-cha, two-step and the waltz. Workshops for all levels of dance enthusiasts. TCC arena. Info on times and admission, 791-4101.

### Turbo Beauty Pageant Jan. 15-17

The New Car Dealers Association will be displaying hot new and expensive '88 imports and domestics at Tucson Mall during regular business hours. See if you can find

something for less than ten grand. Info, 293-7330.

### Arthritis Seminar Jan. 16

Alice Faye, major film star of the '30s, is the keynote speaker in this symposium entitled "Help Yourself to Good Health," a day devoted to seminars, exhibits and good health with emphasis on arthritis. 8 a.m.-12:30 p.m. at the West Recreation Center in Green Valley, 1111 Via Arcoiris. Free. Call Tucson Medical Center, 327-5461, ext. 1805 for reservations.

### Posse Ponies Jan. 16, 17

Watch 'em fly at the annual Pima County Sheriff's Posse horse show. Jan. 16 they'll be competing in Western riding; the 17th features the gymkhana—five events, including barrel, flag and pole racing—all atop a half-ton of horseflesh. Free at the Pima County Fairgrounds from 8 a.m.-5 p.m. Info, 624-1013 or 620-1134.

### Turquoise Bonanza Jan. 16, 17

If you're a turquoise or silver hound, take your pick from your favorite craftsmen—exhibits by Hopi, Navajo, Zuni et al.—at the annual Indian and Arts show and sale. If jewelry ain't your thing, ceramics, rugs, baskets and other handiwork will be there to purchase or just ogle. Approx. 9 a.m.-8 p.m. in the TCC arena. Adm. \$3. Info, 791-4266.

### IMAGO Jan. 17

Voyage with IMAGO to a world where fantasy and ultra-realistic illusion collide with reality. These professional performers are masters of mime, dance, drama and original music—decked in slick and authentic costumes and masks. Bring your kids to this one. UA Centennial Hall at 3 p.m. Tickets \$9, \$7, \$5. Info, 621-3341.

### Classic Film Series

Jan. 18, 19, "East of Eden," James Dean's first film; Julie Harris is the girlfriend; Jan. 25, 26, "Irma La Douce" starring comedy's wacky Jack Lemmon and Ms. Reincarnation—Shirley MacLaine. UA Modern Languages Auditorium on Mon. at 5:30 p.m. and 8:30 p.m.; Tues. at 7:30 p.m. Adm. \$1.75 general; \$1.50 student; 50 cents children under 13. Info, 621-3282.



# We Changed Our Name

## (But We're Still Your Community Center)



Tucson is growing, and so is our reputation. So we've changed our name to the Tucson Convention Center because business visitors from around the world are discovering what Tucsonans already know. But our heart will always stay at home as the center of our community where fun, entertainment and meetings bring all 600,000 of us together. Take January's lineup for example. We've got Disney, drama, RVs, opera, wrestling, symphony and hockey. And that's just a few of the reasons why we'll always remain a community center.

## Tucson Convention Center

The Center of Attention

### EVENTS

**Jan. 2 - 23**

ATC Presents "Sizwe Bansi is Dead"

**Jan. 2**

Little Joe Y La Familia Dance

**Jan. 7 - 10**

Boat & Travel Show

**Jan. 12**

World Wrestling Federation Live

**Jan. 14 & 15**

Tucson Symphony Orchestra with  
JoAnn Falletta, Guest Conductor and  
John Ferrell, Violin

**Jan. 17**

KLPX Rock Bottom Bazaar

**Jan. 22 & 23**

Icecats vs Cal State Fullerton

**Jan. 24**

Philharmonia Orchestra in Concert

**Jan. 26 - 31**

Disney's Magic Kingdom on Ice

**Jan. 29 & 30**

Tucson Symphony presents "By George!  
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## WHERE TO HOWL

### "Zwischengleis"

Jan. 21

It means "Yesterday's Tomorrow," and this 1978 offering from UA's German Film Series examines the life of a 31-year old woman who commits suicide. The film seeks the motivation for her desperate act. Starring Pola Kinski and Mel Ferrer. Directed by Wolfgang Staudte. German with English subtitles. UA Modern Languages Auditorium at 7:30 p.m. Info, 621-7388.

### Celebrity Waiters

Jan. 21

Community leaders wait on tables of their friends and associates to raise tips for leukemia research. Social Center West in Green Valley from 11:30 a.m.-1:30 p.m. Info, 623-7752.

### Ice Cats

Jan. 22, 23

The UA IceCats meet Cal State - Fullerton in two nights of frosty competition. TCC arena at 7:30 p.m. Tickets \$6, \$5, \$4, \$3. Info, 791-4266.

### Two Flags Over Douglas

Jan. 22-24

Douglas calls it "Two Flags International Festival of the Arts" and downtown Douglas will feature five art exhibits, an auction, parade, Grand Ball, 10k fun run, ethnic foods and demonstrations. Held in downtown Douglas at 11th St. and Pan American. Info, 364-2477.

### Tellers of Tales

Jan. 23

Music and storytelling are the themes at the Tellers of Tales winter conference held in the Unitarian Universalist Church at 4831 E. 22nd St. from noon-9 p.m. Info, 883-6544 or 798-2788.

### Show 'Em You've Still Got It

Jan. 23-31

Senior Olympics' 4th annual jock festival for those 50-plus. Over 30 shots at greatness, including track and field, basketball, swimming, ping-pong, golf and shuffleboard. Held at various sites. Prizes. Small fee for each event. Wheelchairs welcome. Registration info, Armory Senior Center, 220 S. 5th Ave. 791-4865.

### Natural Kids

Jan. 29

Marty Eberhardt teaches parent/child sensory awareness in the great outdoors. If you're seeing double from Sesame Street reruns, get

outside with your offspring and become two with nature. For kids age 4-8. From 9:30-11:30 a.m. at Tucson Botanical Gardens, 2150 N. Alvernon. Adm. \$6; \$5 members. Just happens to fall on teacher planning day for TUSD. Info, 326-9255.

### Harambee Festival

Jan. 31

Tucson Parks and Recreation Department and Mansfield Park host the Annual Harambee community festival from noon to midnight. Tons of fun, booths, food, games and entertainment at 2000 N. 4th Ave. Further info, 791-4382.

### Desert Exercise Through January

Tours of the Tucson Botanical Gardens are given every Saturday and Sunday throughout the month at 12:30 p.m. and 2:30 p.m. Adm. charge, \$1; children under 12 free. Get a bird's-eye view of a tropical greenhouse, fresh-smelling herb and Indian crop gardens. 2150 N. Alvernon. Info, 326-9255.

### Sunday Jazz Evenings Through January

Gather elegantly with friends or snuggle into a comfy chair alone and zone out on good tunes at Westward Look Resort. At presstime, no announcement yet on who's jamming. The show sizzles from 4-7 p.m. Great overlook on the city or mountains—take your pick, but don't miss. Free. Info, 297-1151.

### The Coffee Generation Through January

Drink your way through a catalog of coffees, teas and wines at Coffee Etc. every Sunday and get wired or mellow (your choice) listening to Daryl Hinson on classical guitar. Same goes for Tuesdays, when this upscale coffeehouse presents Hackensack's mainstream jazz. Shows start at 7:30 p.m. at their new location (it's as large as a supermarket). 2830 N. Campbell. Info, 881-8070.

### Support for Arthritis Through January

Tucson General Hospital sponsors an arthritis support group for those on the plus side of 50. The purpose is to share experiences, meet people and hear helpful presentations by hospital staff. Meets the second and fourth Wednesdays of the month at 1 p.m. in the Tucson Room, 3838 N. Campbell. Free. Info, 323-4319.

### Women and Wheels Through May

"The Lady Takes the Wheel" is the Arizona Historical Society's newest exhibit: a photo essay on women and cars from the turn of the century through the '50s. See how the images were used not only to promote the idea of women driving cars, but also to sell cars (to men). Mon.-Sat., 10 a.m.-4 p.m. Sunday, noon-4 p.m. Free Info, 628-5774.

### Answers for Women Through January

Want a new career? Want a career at all? Stop wanting and get going. The Women Helping Women program, sponsored by the YWCA, offers a push in the form of half-hour individual counseling sessions every Thursday from 5:30-7 p.m. at 738 N. Fifth Ave. Nominal charge of \$10, legal counseling \$5. All instructors are accredited counselors or attorneys. Info, 884-7810 or 296-1285.



### Arizona Theatre Company Jan. 2-23

"Sizwe Bansi Is Dead" by Athol Fugard rings in the new year at our resident theater company. A raw and powerful piece about black identity—the search for it and loss of it—is probed through the lives of three men brought together by a concern for humanity and dignity in their society. TCC Little Theater. Info on show times and ticket prices, 622-2823.

### The Arizona Opera Jan. 7, 9

"Rigoletto," by Giuseppe Verdi, brings together Italian tenor Enrico di Giuseppe of the Metropolitan Opera; the famous Greek baritone Kostas Paskalis in the title role; Brazilian conductor Tullio Colacioppo and American soprano Beverly Hoch in a drama that weaves paternal love, curse, seduction and, like any respectable opera, death. In Italian with English subtitles projected overhead. 7:30 p.m. at TCC. Ticket prices and info, 293-4336.



## HOWL

### Chamber Concert

Jan. 8

The Tucson Symphony Chamber Orchestra "hails the harpsichord" in this concert. Tucson's acclaimed Paula Fan is the soloist in Respighi's "Ancient Airs and Dances, Set II"; J.C. Bach's Sinfonia in D Major, Op. 18, No. 4 and J.S. Bach's "Brandenburg" Concerto No. 5 in D Major, BWV 1050 in UA Crowder Hall at 8 p.m. Adm. charge. Info, 882-8585.

### Gaslight Theatre

Through Jan. 9

Christmas continued with a Western theme: "Buffalo Bob's Big Holiday Roundup." Picture Scrooge in a pair of chaps and spurs. Expect comedy with a dose of slapstick. 7000 E. Tanque Verde Rd. Times and ticket info, 886-9428.

Jan. 14-31

"Buzz Corey and the Red Planet of Doom" is a comic odyssey through space. If you remember Buster Crabbe or Flash Gordon from the '50s, you have an idea of what Gaslight is up to. Times and ticket info, 886-9428.

### Composers in Concert

Jan. 10

Alice Stoller Scott and Jay Vosk perform chamber music with some electronic twists at the Tucson Museum of Art at 2 p.m. 140 N. Main. \$2 adults; \$1 seniors and students; children free.

### ORTS

Jan. 14, 15, 16

Our only professional modern dance company features the choreography of Karen Steele in the first concert of 1988. Music for two of the pieces was composed and recorded by the local group Wind-dancer and by Tucsonans Will Clipman and David Teeple. Tickets in advance at Cafe Ole, Bentley's and Cafe Magritte. 8 p.m. in the Dance Studio Theater in UA Ina Gittings Building. Info, 744-2375.

### Plaza Dinner Theatre

Jan. 15-Jan. 30

The Plaza Musical Dinner Theatre, produced by the Tucson Gilbert and Sullivan Theatre, Inc., presents "The Desert Song," the book and lyrics by Otto Harbach, Oscar Hammerstein II and Frank Mandel with music by Sigmund Romberg. Picture the exotic sands of Morocco and a lovely woman dreaming of romance. She meets the "Red Shadow" and the desert

sands sizzle. Smoking in the lobby only. At the Plaza Hotel, Speedway and Campbell. Dinner 6:30 p.m., showtime 7:30 p.m. Dinner and show \$17.95 in advance. Ticket info, 886-9040, 8 a.m.-noon.

### Philharmonia Orchestra of Tucson

Jan. 24

The annual world premiere concert under the direction of John Dodson. Featured this year will be the musical version of Robert Louis Stevenson's "Children's Garden of Verse" by Robert Jager. Also on the program will be Haydn's Symphony no. 31, "The Hornsignal." Greg Helseth plays the principal horn part. \$4 general, \$3 for students and seniors. 3 p.m. in TCC Little Theater. Info, 323-6565.

### Bartok String Quartet

Jan. 28

They'll perform Beethoven's Quartet in C Minor, Op. 18, no. 4; Bartok's Quartet No. 5 and Brahms' Quartet in C minor, Op. 51, no. 1. Sponsored by The Arizona Friends of Music at 8 p.m. in UA Crowder Hall. Tickets \$4 students, \$10 general. Info, 298-5806.

### Tucson Symphony Orchestra

Jan. 14, 15

JoAnn Falletta is guest conductor with concertmaster John Ferrell as soloist. On the bill are Ravel's "La Valse"; Glazunov's Violin Concerto in A minor, Op. 82, and Franck's Symphony in D minor. At 8 p.m. in TCC Music Hall. Info, 882-8585.

### "Tomorrow's Champions"

Jan. 17

JoAnn Falletta, guest conductor, with a yet-to-be-picked TSO Young Artist Competition winner perform Mendelssohn's "Midsummer Night's Dream"; Britten's "Simple Symphony, Op. 14"; and Mozart's Symphony No. 1 in E-flat. Sunday afternoon at 2 p.m. in TCC Music Hall. Info, 882-8585.

### Invisible Theatre

Jan. 20-Feb. 7

John Van Druten's "I Am a Camera," adapted from the "Berlin Stories" of Christopher Isherwood, will effect many moods. Described as striking, evocative and often humorous, the play is the basis for the musical "Cabaret." Curtain at 8 p.m. except for matinee performances at 2 p.m. on Jan. 24 & 31. 1400 N. 1st Ave. Info, 882-9721.

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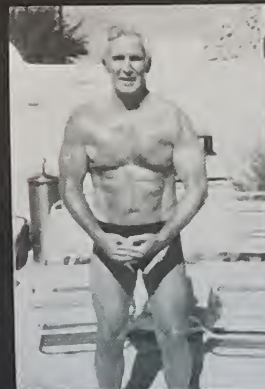
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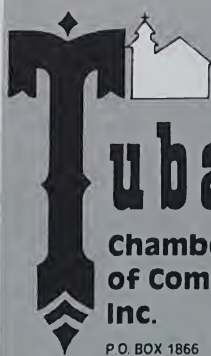
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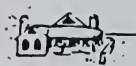
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## WHERE TO HOWL

### La Cage Aux Folles Jan. 22, 23

A hysterical, romping musical comedy set in the South of France, chronicling the 20-year relationship of George, a gay nightclub owner and his star, Albin. Winner of 6 Tony Awards. UA Centennial Hall at 8 p.m. Tickets \$32, \$28, \$22. Matinee on the 23rd at 2 p.m. \$25, \$22, \$19. Info, 621-3341.

### Southern Arizona Symphony Orchestra Jan. 24, 26

Pianist David Craig joins this all-volunteer, 60-member orchestra for Ernest Bloch's "Concerto Grosso" and Cesar Franck's "Symphonic Variations for Piano and Orchestra." Violist Margaret Detwiler is featured in Hector Berlioz' "Harold in Italy," Op. 16. Frederic Balasz guest conducts. Jan. 24 at 3 p.m.; Jan. 26 at 8 p.m. St. Pius X Church, 1800 Camino Pio Decimo. Tickets, 325-7709. Info, 885-3573.

### Michel Legrand and Friends Jan. 27

Three-time Academy Award-winning composer Michel Legrand ("Summer of '42," "Lady Sings the Blues," "Windmills of Your Mind" and "Brian's Song") plays and sings his own music. UA Centennial Hall at 8 p.m. Tickets \$17, \$14, \$12. Info, 621-3341.

### "By George! A Salute to George Gershwin" Jan. 29, 30

Guest Norman Leyden will conduct the Tucson Symphony Orchestra in a pops concert featuring Gershwin greats including "Strike up The Band," "Embraceable You," "Summertime," "Foggy Day" and other memorable tunes. At 8 p.m. in TCC music Hall. Info, 882-8585.

### Fifties Dancing

Little Anthony's Diner, across from the Gaslight Theatre at 7000 E. Tanque Verde Rd., features The Cadillacs! doing live rock 'n' roll dance music from 10 p.m. to 1 a.m. on Fridays and Saturdays.

arts and crafts of the Navajo tribe, featuring objects from the Amerind permanent collection. Included are textiles, silverwork, ceramics and watercolor. It's a mixed bag, but most of the stuff on view dates back some decades. Adm. charge. Open daily 10 a.m.-4 p.m. Located 65 miles east of Tucson in Dragoon. Info on directions, 1-586-3666.

### Jan. 6-31

An exhibit of Hopi works on paper, emphasizing watercolors of the Old West. Includes Otis Poleonema, who began the Hopi watercolor tradition in the '20s. Treat yourself to Arizona's past.

### Ann Original Gallery Through Jan. 23

Featuring the oils of P.W. Gorman—representational art with a traditional western theme. Mon.-Fri., 10 a.m.-6 p.m. Sat. 'til 5 p.m. 4811 E. Grant Rd., Suite 153, Crossroads Festival. 323-0266.

### Art Network

#### Through January

Get original and own some "wearable art." Outfit yourself in avant-garde bola ties, jewelry and gonzo T-shirts with social comments—many reflecting on our gov. Mon.-Fri., 10 a.m.-6 p.m.; Sat., 8-10 p.m. 624-7005.

### Cabat Studio

Paintings and limited-edition prints by Erni Cabat, handmade one-of-a-kind ceramics by Rose Cabat and contemporary jewelry by June Cabat. The whole family is in on the act. Irregular hours so call first—appointments can be made. 627 N. 4th Ave. 622-6362.

### Center For

#### Creative Photography

Until they move into their new building, they're digging through their archives, presenting shows from a permanent collection that includes Ansel Adams, Edward Weston, WeeGee and scads of others. Call for the monthly surprise. Mon.-Fri., 9 a.m.-5 p.m. Sun., noon-5 p.m. 843 E. University Blvd. 621-7968.

### Central Arts Collective Through Jan. 3

Membership show featuring 2- and 3-D pieces. An interesting collective that likes to project an avant-garde image. Sometimes they make it. 250 E. Congress. Wed.-Fri., noon-3 p.m. Sat.-Sun., 1-4 p.m. 623-5883. After-hours appointments. 628-7667.

### Jan. 6-Jan. 31

The Big Apple shooters are flying into the Old Pueblo with an exhibit by five photographers who work together thematically. Both Cibachrome knock-your-socks off color work and b&w gelatin prints. The theme is heady—mythology. See what restless urbanites are up to. Reception, Jan. 9, 7-9 p.m.

### Davis Gallery Through Jan. 10

Really large abstract acrylics by Tucsonan George Welch, professor at Pima College, 6812 N. Oracle. Tues.-Fri., 10 a.m.-5 p.m.; Sat., 10 a.m.-4 p.m. 297-1427.

### De Grazia Gallery Closing Jan. 5

Part of DeGrazia's permanent collection are his visions of the Madonna—the original one. Mon.-Sun., 10 a.m.-4 p.m. 6300 N. Swan Rd. 299-9191.

### Jan. 1-31

A showing of DeGrazia's most famous and popular paintings of children. See the originals of those magnets on your refrigerator.

### Dinnerware Cooperative Jan. 5-31

Linda Rosenfield's mixed-media photographs and George Enhat's stone sculptures and drawings. Reception, Jan. 16, 7-9 p.m. 135 E. Congress St. Hours; noon-5 p.m., Tues.-Sat.; 1-4 p.m., Sun. Info, 792-4503.

### Douglas Little Gallery Jan. 1-13

Entitled "Reaching Out," these paintings and crafts were created in the Arizona State Prison. In Douglas. Info, 1-364-3797 or 1-364-2633.

### Eleanor Jeck Galleries

#### Through January

Featuring flashy-colored ceramics by William Berchou and new 3-D prints by James Rizzi. El Mercado de Boutiques, 6336 E. Broadway. Info, 790-8333.

### Etherton Gallery Through Jan. 16

Gail Marcus-Orlen's large oil paintings center on interior/exterior landscapes exploring the heady world of dreams, juxtaposed with the day-to-day life of motherhood and family. Wed.-Sat., noon-5 p.m. Thur. 'til 7 p.m. 424 E. 6th St. 624-7370.

### Jan. 20-Mar. 5

Marilyn Bridges' acclaimed aerial photography of



### Amerind Foundation Jan. 1-31

"Navajo Ways" presents the



## WHERE TO HOWL

"sacred" landscapes and Tucsonan Barbara Grygutis' sculptures and ceramics. Reception, Jan. 23 from 6:30-9:30 p.m.

### Framer's Gallery

Presenting limited-edition prints by nationally known artist Bev Doolittle from California. Her camouflage art is her signature. They carry a variety of limited-edition prints from others of national stature. Mon.-Fri., 9:30 a.m.-5:30 p.m. Sat., 9 a.m.-5 p.m. 4740 E. Sunrise Rd. 299-5107.

### Galeria Anita

Primitive paintings in a bright southwestern style and sculpture by Frank Franklin and marionettes by Anna. A variety of Mexican imports. They'll let you look (and buy) at their downtown studio, but by appointment only. 825 N. Anita. Info, 792-0777.

### Mitchell, Brown & Co.

Featuring a large selection of 19th- and 20th-century American paintings with an emphasis on ornithological prints and botanicals. Finally a place that isn't regional. Mon.-Sat., 10 a.m.-5 p.m. 2843 N. Campbell Ave. 795-0896.

### Murphey Art Gallery

**Jan. 3-Jan. 29**  
Mr. Malcolm Watt and Trudy Griffin Pierce exhibit their representational renditions of the Southwest in oil. Reception Jan. 3 from 2-4 p.m. St. Philip's in the Hills, Campbell and River. Viewing and sales on Sun., Tues. and Thurs. from 2-4 p.m. Info, 299-6421.

### National Light Gallery of Photography

Large color photographs featuring long-time exposures. You know, like 300 lightning bolts in one shot. All work is by Cara Cupito, except for occasional shows by other artists. Sat. and Sun., noon-4 p.m. and by appt. Mon.-Fri. 309 E. Congress St. 623-7825.

### Oasis Gallery Through Jan. 4

Tucson photographer Cy Lehrer's work is titled "Suburbia: A Fable For Our Times and Other Urban Landscape Selections." He's not only prolific, he's good. The Tucson Community Cable Corporation Oasis Gallery is at 124 E. Broadway. Tues.-Sat., 1-10 p.m. Sun., noon-8 p.m. 624-9833.

### Jan. 7-Apr. 4

It's their first annual winter show featuring the work of local known and unknown artists. It's anybody's guess what they'll be showing since they hadn't selected the goodies at presstime.

### Obsidian Gallery Through January

The second annual "Flights of Whimsy" show emphasizes humor and fun. Reed Keller's zebra-stemmed goblets, dog-handled mugs and mad-dog platters; Sarena Mann's mobiles and hanging figures of dancers, acrobats, angels and pixies in papier-mâché; Susan Gamble's ceramic wall pieces interpreting Hispanic yard shrines, and others. 4340 N. Campbell, Suite 90. Mon.-Sat., 10 a.m.-5:30 p.m. 577-3598.

### Old Pueblo Museum Through Jan. 31

Entitled "Sculptured Steeds: The Golden Age of Carousels," the exhibit focuses on the private collection of the American Carousel Museum. Antique, hand-carved wooden carousel horses, restored to original condition, are displayed. Check out the working hand-cranked English carousel. Demonstrations of carousel animal restoration. At Foothills Mall. Mon.-Fri., 10 a.m.-9 p.m.; Sat., 10 a.m.-6 p.m.; Sun., noon-5 p.m. Free. 742-7191.

### Beth O'Donnell Gallery, Ltd. Through Jan. 9

Michael Ives displays his Southwestern contemporary folk art in acrylic on canvas. N. Shrekro Markin exhibits polychrome ceramic landscapes. St. Philip's Plaza, River and Campbell, Suite 64. Tues.-Sat., 11 a.m.-6 p.m. 299-6998.

### Jan. 12-Feb. 13

John Dawson's controversial work occupies the Spotlight Gallery; large oil paintings and drawings that are emotionally charged figurative works. He also displays sculptures and bronzes.

### Philabaum Gallery & Studios

Featuring handblown glass by local artists, as well as paintings, prints and sculpture. Mon.-Sat., 10 a.m.-4 p.m. 711 S. 6th Ave. 884-7404.

### Pima Community College Jan. 19-Feb. 5

Trish Wann displays large mixed-media sculptures—with a whimsical animal theme. She's even got some

lights thrown in. Richard Shaefer exhibits computer-generated watercolor collages and Scot Dunham shows off his 3-D sculptural, fanciful glass. Pima Community College Student Center, 2202 W. Anklam Rd. Mon.-Thurs., 9 a.m.-5 p.m. Fri., 9 a.m.-4 p.m. 884-6975.

### Rosequist Galleries Through January

Fine contemporary Southwest art, from the traditional to the innovative, by a variety of gallery artists—over 7,500 square feet of visual feast. Tues.-Sat., 10 a.m.-5 p.m. 1615 E. Fort Lowell Rd. 327-5729.

### Saguaro Credit Union Jan. 4-Mar. 25

While you're standing in line waiting for cash, view Carol Lavoie's "Handscapes," a selection of new watercolor paintings in a solo show. Corner of Speedway and Euclid. Credit Union hours. Info, 624-9124.

### Saguaro Gallery Closing Jan. 2

With "Oil and Canvas, 1987," Brenda Ann Johnson, veteran illustrator, ventures into the fine arts with realistic paintings from wildlife to landscapes. An escape into realism. Tues.-Sun., 10 a.m.-5 p.m. 11050 E. Tanque Verde. 749-2152.

### Jan. 17-31

Ann Fowler, watercolorist, displays imaginative fantasy paintings using lots of floral imagery. Ellen Eaton paints porcelain with a light, delicate touch, "reminiscent of Renoir." You be the judge. Reception Jan. 17 from 1-6 p.m.

### Sanders Galleries

Exhibits by Western artists Richard Iams, Don Jaramillo, Doug Ricks and Doyle Shaw. 6420 N. Campbell Ave. 299-1763. Hours Mon.-Sat. 10 a.m.-5 p.m. Showing at the Westin La Paloma branch gallery are regional artists and watercolors on rice paper by Jerry Becker. 3300 E. Sunrise. 577-5820. Mon.-Sat., 10 a.m.-7 p.m.

### Settlers West

An exhibit devoted to the American West featuring representational portraits, landscapes, wildlife art, sculpture, et al., by more than 30 nationally acclaimed artists, including Ken Riley, Tom Hill, R.M. Stubbs, Duane Bryers, Jim Reynolds and others.

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6420 N. Campbell Ave.  
299-2607.

### Tohono Chul Park Jan. 9-Feb. 28

Entitled "Traditional Leather Workers of Southern Arizona and Sonora," this display shows handmade saddles, bridles, ropes and boots. The history, the variations, the use and importance of each object in Southern Arizona, and Sonoran culture rounds out the show.

### Jan. 9-Feb. 28

Paintings and sculpture from the private collections of the Friends of Western Art.

### Closing Jan. 4

"Traditional and Contemporary Quilts," a colorful fabric-ganza including miniature quilts for doll houses and traditional sizes. 7366 Paseo del Norte. Adm. charge. 9:30 a.m.-5 p.m. daily. 742-6455.

### Closing Jan 3

"The Sublime Desert," landscapes in watercolor by Eva Arenas.

### Tubac Center

#### Closing Jan. 3

Featuring forty artists from around the country displaying their crafts—wood, ceramics, glass, metalwork and weaving. These are the leftovers from the Christmas sales; maybe you can find a bargain now. Tues.-Sat., 10 a.m.-4:30 p.m. Sundays, 1-4:30 p.m. Closed Monday. Downtown Tubac. 1-398-2371.

### Tucson Art Institute Through January

New works by the faculty are on view—oils, watercolors, handmade paper and more. Get your imaginations and fingers in gear—new art classes start this month on the 11th. Pre-registration required. 1157 S. Swan Rd. Info, 748-1173.

### Tucson Museum of Art Through Jan. 31

New Mexico artist Sam Scott's "vivid brush strokes and pulsing color" will accompany the show listed in our "Choice" section. 140 N. Main Ave. Tues., 10 a.m.-9 p.m. Wed.-Sat., 10 a.m.-5 p.m. Sun., 1-5 p.m. Adm. charge. 624-2333.

### Through Feb. 3

"El Nacimiento," the traditional Mexican nativity scene, is a local institution. An elaborate nacimiento, including more than 100 figurines, will be on display at the historical Casa Cordova at TMA. Free.

### UA Hall of Fame Gallery Jan. 11-Feb. 11

Dave Laughlin's paintings of the Black Cavalry. Regular Student Union bldg. hours. 621-3546.

### UA Museum of Art Closing Jan. 10

"An Enduring Grace: Photographs by Laura Gilpin" displays more than 100 examples in a retrospective of the acclaimed southwestern photographer. Organized by

the Amon Carter Museum Fort Worth, and sponsored by the UA Center for Creative Photography. Mon.-Fri. 9 a.m.-5 p.m. and noon-4 p.m. on Sunday. 621-7567.

### UA Rotunda Gallery Jan. 8-Feb. 8

Narciso and Stevens display photographs of man and nature. Regular Student Union bldg. hours. 621-3546.

### UA Union Gallery Jan. 14-26

They're doing a wall-to-wall celebration of Martin Luther King—find out how different artists interpret the man and the dream. UA Student Union, main floor. Mon.-Fri., 10-4 p.m. Sun., 11 a.m.-3 p.m. 621-3546.

### Venture Fine Arts

A new gallery on the block emphasizing representational and impressionistic art. Featured are Carolyn Norton (impressionistic figures and still-lives in oil); Dan Bates (western bronze sculpture); Gary Price (wildlife sculpture) and many others. Mon.-Sat., 10 a.m.-5 p.m. and by appointment. 6541 E. Tanque Verde (Trail Dust Town). Info, 298-2258.

### Womankraft Gallery

This gallery specializes in art to serve special populations—senior citizens, children and, of course, women. Call for further info. Weekdays, noon-4 p.m. 200 E. Congress St. 792-6306.



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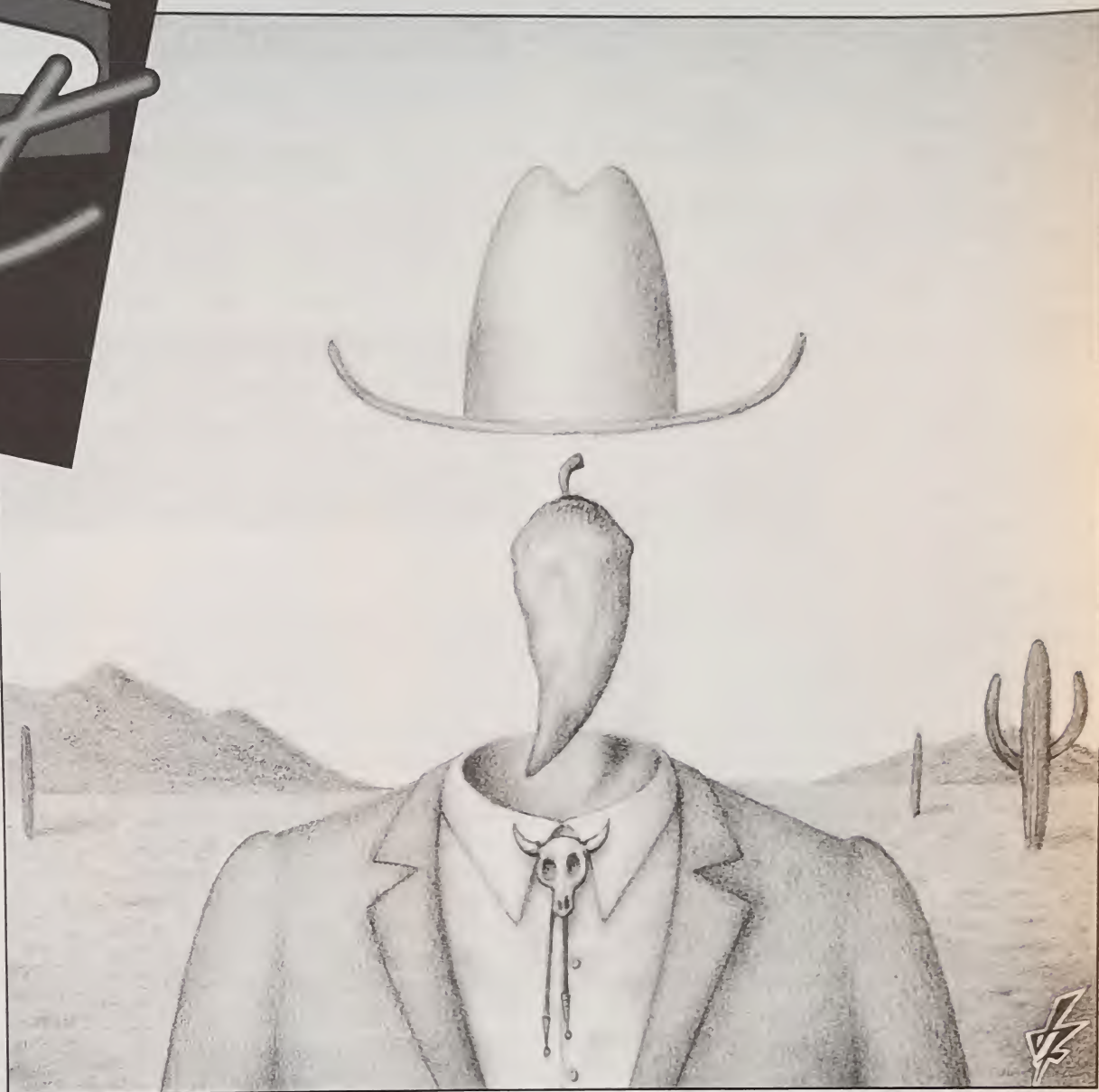
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James J. Forsmo

# TEX-MEX & MRS. MACHO

BY LAWRENCE W. CHEEK

It's 7:30 on a cold Tuesday morning when the jalapeño man makes his drop. He arrives in a thundering black Chevy double cab pickup and heaves a fifty-pound bag of fresh, home-grown, glossy green incendiary bombs into Richard Lara's welcoming arms. Lara smiles and promises to pay his supplier ten bucks in trade over the next two weeks, which is all the time it will take him to go through all those jalapeños.

Fifty pounds in TWO WEEKS? Hot damn! This is no weak-kneed, wuss-bellied, Sonoran-style Mexican kitchen; this is the real thing. Mexican cooking as I remember it from the time I was about six hours old. Cuisine from the fatherland.

Tex-Mex.

It arrived in Tucson last September with Lara, who says he was on his way to California when he passed through town, stopped to visit a cousin, and got himself bewitched by the mountains and desert.

"Man, ah lu-uv Tucson," he says, beaming, in an East Texas drawl tinged with a slight Spanish accent—a weird yet mellifluous combination. "Once we'd stayed a couple of weeks, I said to my wife,

'this is probably where we're gonna live and die.' I just wish Tucson was in Texas."

Central casting couldn't have produced a more appropriate persona to bring Tex-Mex to Tucson than Richard Lara. He's an irrepressibly outgoing thirty-eight-year-old, a Texas native who's in love with dreams and hard work and food. He remembers growing up in Bryan, a town roughly midway between Dallas and Houston, where his haunt was the kitchen. "My sister would be in the living room watching *American Bandstand*, and I'd be in the kitchen, helping my mother—she was a great cook. I'd slap on an apron and peel potatoes or whatever. I loved it. And I learned all her recipes."

He didn't immediately become a professional. He says he worked in construction for a while, then bought a game room in downtown Bryan with pool, a video arcade, food and drinks. It did okay until the oil crash of 1984. The whole Texas economy imploded and Lara's clientele vaporized. "I lost everything," he says.

He was heading for California with a screenplay when he decided to stop here. "Sure, I'm a dreamer." He has no college degree, no training in



writing. He just has ambition. He has worked twelve hours a day, six days a week, since he arrived here. Some mornings, when there's a lull in business, he'll sit outside in an old plastic lawn chair, studying a frayed, coverless paperback entitled *Six Weeks to Words of Power*.

"I'm trying to improve my vocabulary," he explains. One Saturday I stopped by on my bike to pick up some fuel. Lara passed me a soft taco and surveyed the Broadway traffic. "Be careful out there," he warned. "That traffic's audacious." I pondered that, surveying the traffic myself. It was the perfect word.

Lara runs a small Mexican take-out place called "Fajitas on Wheels." "Small" means six by ten feet. It's a homemade wooden trailer that looks like a child's playhouse. At one end is a tall, black, cylindrical oven in which he smokes the beef. At the other is an apartment-sized Welbilt stove. There's just enough room between them for Lara to maneuver flour tortillas onto a griddle and stuff them with fajitas or barbecued beef. It's the most modest Mexican dispensary in town. It's also a miniature treasure.

A bit of background is in order. Remember about a decade ago how Texas, for so long viewed as a crude, boisterous, insufferably cocky jerk of a state, suddenly began to ooze panache? Stetsons turned up on Wall Street, *Dallas* exploded across prime time, the Cowboys became America's Team. In a single year 200 corporations moved their headquarters from New York to Houston. Austin became the new mecca of high-tech, and James Michener even moved there to Discover Texas firsthand and write a deadly epic about it.

A column about eating is no place to attempt deep psychoanalysis of a nation, but it may be that Americans were so dispirited after the years of Nixonian mendacity and the Carter malaise that we were desperate for a new symbol—an unshackled, heroic, can-do spirit, which we thought we were discovering in Texas. In the midst of this phenomenon, which came to be known as Texas Chic, it was inevitable that the state's distinctive food would be discovered, exported and re-invented from Califor-

**The result is the most ambrosial beef you can imagine wrapped in a tortilla with chunks of the Death Star.**

nia to Maine. I speak of fajitas.

Lara sighs. "It's become a million-dollar word. And it's been abused so badly. There's no such thing as 'steak fajitas,' 'chicken fajitas,' 'shrimp fajitas' or 'fajita pitas.' The word 'fajita' means 'skirt,' and there's only one cut of beef called the 'skirt' per cow. It comes from inside the rib cage, and it's the only thing you can use to make real fajitas."

Lara should not visit TGI Friday's. On its current menu he would find one of the most outrageous incarnations imaginable: Mu Shu Chicken Fajitas, which is marinated chicken stir-fried with Napa cabbage, celery, mushrooms and bean sprouts, and served with hoisin sauce, fortune cookies and tortillas. I am not kidding. Texas schoolkids grow up being told, apocryphally, that their state is the only one in the Union that has the legal right to secede

and become an independent republic (as it was from 1836 to 1845). If ever there were good cause to do it, this is it.

Lara marinates his beef skirts for two to three days, then slowly steam-smokes them over mesquite. The beef emerges from the oven wonderfully tender and smelling like a sweet nocturnal campfire just over a hill somewhere between Austin and Waco. (Sure, I'm getting wistful.) Then just before serving, he mixes it with a *pico de gallo* sauce (literally, "beak of the rooster") made with tomatoes, fresh jalapeños, onion and cilantro.

The result is the most ambrosial beef you can imagine wrapped in a tortilla with chunks of the Death Star. It is stinging, searing, volcanic, Hell itself on the palate. It is exquisitely painful, a perfect 10 of sweet agony. It is also macho—in a genderless form perhaps unique to the state of its origin.

On a recent afternoon my wife Patty, also a Texas expatriate, stopped by Lara's playhouse and asked for fajitas with a double splash of *pico de gallo*. She stood around outside, nonchalantly munching her lunch, while a trio of young men stood and watched from a discreet distance, as if expecting her to burst into a pillar of fire. They wore expressions of awe and incredulity.

"You're actually eating that stuff?" one finally ventured.

"Sure," she answered with a sweet smile. "Doesn't everybody?" Texas Chic in its finest hour.


At this writing, *Fajitas on Wheels* is in a vacant lot on Craycroft Road just south of Broadway. But there's landlord trouble, and Lara is looking for a new place to park. We'll update next month.



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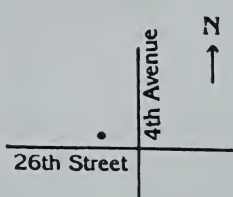
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## THE NEIGHBORHOOD PUB

*Where ambience is anathema*

By EMIL FRANZI

Tucson has lost one of its major landmarks, a loss every bit as culturally devastating as the razing of the DeGrazia adobes on Campbell Avenue. In October, the Grant Road Tavern was destroyed by fire.

For more than thirty years, the GRT was a home away from home for UA students as well as a host of neighborhood pub types. Along with many others of my generation, I fondly remember it from the late fifties. In fact, my bachelor party was held there for the greater part of April 23, 1965, about which I can only remember several quotations of Stanley Holloway's immortal line: "Get me to the church on time."

The GRT was an institution. In these days of generic places with stamped-out formats, it was a stick-to-your-ribs kinda spot. The giant ham sandwiches were to the UA crowd what the original Greasy Tony's submarines were to Princetonians. The old-fashioned bowling machine, discarded in the late sixties due to high maintenance costs and the acre of floor space it took up, paid for many a pitcher and sandwich. The unsuspecting didn't know it was a sucker for a loft halfway up the left side, giving you that needed 7-10 pickup or a blazing three-strike tenth frame.

It was rumored that some of us actually used the GRT as a mailing address, but to my knowledge the only one doing so was Dave Mackey, now the city's purchasing director. The rest used Tucson Liquors on North 4th Avenue—Leon Spitzer would do anything to up the traffic by the beer coolers.

Now the Grant Road Tavern is charcoal. A memory. One more of our roots pruned. What remains with us that shares its venerability? Unfortunately, not a lot. Most of the

great bars that existed thirty or so years ago have either been replaced by California-style shopping centers or have gone through more name changes and facelifts than Elizabeth Taylor. The Tally Ho, the Green Shack, the Intrepid Fox, the Ship Ahoy, Mother's, Jim Mayo's, Stanley's Tavern and Rod and Ray's are gone forever. Note their passing and weep. And try to recall their greatness. Yeats would understand.

Other spots still survive, in most

of Speedway for the last fifteen or twenty years, used to be on the north side a couple of blocks to the west. According to Same Lena, the Poke before that was still closer to downtown. Likewise, The Mint is now at its third location in fifty years at 3540 E. Grant, three blocks west of its last setting (where the Nite Owl now resides) and far away from its downtown origins.

Which brings me to the short list. Like picking judges, only a helluva lot more objective. I find three, count 'em,

**Other spots still survive, in most instances shadows of their former selves, like obsolete naval vessels converted to duty as garbage scows.**

instances shadows of their former selves, like obsolete naval vessels converted to duty as garbage scows. Consider the remains of a once-proud establishment on Speedway just east of Country Club last known as Colette's. I remember it best in 1959 as The Rathskellier. It got raided by the local gendarmes one night, and they got most of my table for being underage. I kicked out a chicken wire partition next to the john and made a metaphorically clean getaway, as Betsy Bolding, then Betsy Little, noted from the next table. How many different names did that place wear over the years? Fehr's Inn, Yogi's, My Office, etc. No staying power.

There's another category: old names that live on in new locations. The Poco Loco, now on the south side

three bars still doing business in the same old spot under the same old name thirty years later. (Restaurants with bars like Paulos or Gus and Andy's don't count. We're talking BARS, gang.)

The finalists for longevity are:

The Wooden Nickel Tavern, 1908 S. Country Club, since 1942. Quintessential working class. Ten beer taps, all American brands: Bud, Coors, Mick, Old Milwaukee and their light counterparts. Short draft of Old Milwaukee, 40 cents. Big screen TV, three pool tables, Monday Night Football special—Bud Lite 25 cents a glass, \$2 a pitcher, 25-cent hot dog. Also serves Tombstone pizza, burgers and a couple of sandwich options. Forty-six years worth of real Americana.

The Bay Horse Tavern, 2802 E.

Grant, in business since 1948, moved to present location from a block away in 1958. Bud, Coors, Miller Lite on tap. 60-cent short drafts, 90-cent mugs, \$2 small pitcher, \$3.50 large. Food consists of 75-cent corn dogs, \$1.25 polish sausage on a bun, and "wings of fire" at six for a buck. (These are sort of like Buffalo chicken wings.) Pool tables and a real collector's item, an indoor old-style phone booth complete with working pay phone. Thirty-nine years of public service.

The Shanty, 401 E. 9th St., since 1937. Fifty years of tradition, the first twenty or so next door. Most controversial old bar. Too many reporters, lawyers and other trendies clutter the place. Liberal Democrats have been known to have fund-raisers on the premises. Long suits are a good sandwich menu around lunchtime and a multiplicity of foreign beers in bottles. Only gringo beers on tap are Coors and American Lowenbrau, which at a buck a throw for a mid-size glass are conclusive proof that yuppies run up prices and destroy neighborhoods. Higher prices compensated for by brass plating on front door, bar and pillars, and by the best art display since Red and Ray's. The giant nude portraits are magnificent.

There they are—three places with a combined century and more of guzzling tradition. Three landmarks as vital to our culture as the Catalinas or a Hohokam ruin—or at least as vital as anything else we've built around here for quite a while. They have character, not ambience. "Ambience," like "cuisine," is a prissy foreign word never used by real people, but only by those who go to places that serve zucchini and have ferns hanging around.

### REDNECK INROADS

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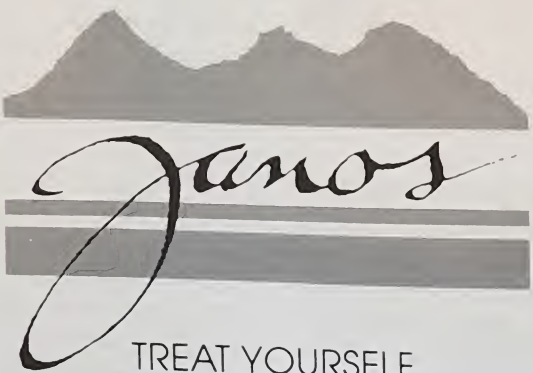
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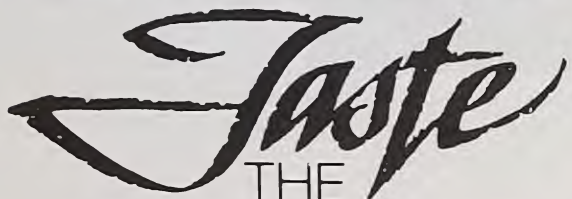
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eat sushi bar was spotted in Monterey, California.

Tucson opens first Indian restaurant (far East type, not Shoshone). Delhi Palace, 6751 E. Broadway. All you can eat at lunch, \$5.50.

### YUPPIE INROADS

Waffle House, that magnificent highway dispenser of real food in no-nonsense surroundings, now has a chicken filet as an alternative to bacon, ham and sausage on the all-day breakfast menu. That menu spot could have contained corned beef hash. They won a big one here, friends.

### NOT SURE WHICH WAY IT CUTS

Seen on Euclid Avenue, Ontario, Calif., about a mile north of the airport: Spike's Teriyaki. Kinda like a place named Pedro's Kielbasa or Wong's Ukranian Kitchen.

### CHICKEN-FRIED STEAK UPDATE

Our Place, 663 S. Plumer, next door to and in fact part of the Silver

Lounge. Across from Carpenter's Hall. Just opened in November. Great chicken-fried steak—\$3.75, soup or salad, REAL veggies, mashed or french fried potatoes, roll and real butter. White gravy, but I bet you can get brown if you ask—it's that kinda place. Nice folks and great daily breakfast specials at \$1.19.

### CHILI DOG UPDATE

Steve's Vienna Wagon on North Church across from the Samaniego House and the La Placita blob. Regular chili dog, \$1.75. Jumbo \$2. Go all the way and add the special homemade onion sauce for another two bits, or have a dog with just the onion sauce alone. Great stuff—Steve's wife makes it up every night. There's a lunch table with benches so you can eat there or take out. World class. □

Emil Franzi writes monthly about redneck culture and diet. He may be in cholesterol trouble.

# Nu Revues

### Mina's Thai

6061 E. Broadway

Here's an idea, no charge, for the State Department: Before scattering those negotiators across the globe to try to cool off civil wars and hotheaded despots, provide them with a course in Thai cooking. Because diplomacy is what this cuisine is all about: making seemingly incompatible ingredients live happily together in the same pot.

Fiery chilies and coconut milk. Garlic

and ginger. Mussels and basil leaves. Fresh mint and all the above. Logic and experience with blander cuisines argues that none of this should work. Yet it does. Thai food is one of the world's more pleasurable adventures.

Of the three Thai restaurants in Tucson, Mina's wins my vote as the best. It has its shortcomings: the atmosphere is essentially that of a Denny's with travel posters, and on some nights the cooks get a little crazy with the MSG. But all is for-

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# Eat

given when a steaming #26, *pla lad prig*, arrives at the table.

*Pla lad prig*, a whole fish fried crisp and smothered in fresh chilies, onion, mint, bamboo shoots and mushrooms, is our staple; whatever else we order, this is what we build the meal around. The mild, succulent flesh of the fish and the wild mixture of vegetables and herbs somehow mingle, intermarry, and achieve a blissful harmony of flavor with a pleasing variety of texture. At \$8.95 it isn't the cheapest dinner on the menu, but it would be tragic to miss it.

Other recommendations, based on many evenings at Mina's: for appetizers, the hot and sour shrimp salad (\$6.95) and the chicken wings stuffed, improbably but sensationally, with chopped pork, mushrooms, green onion and noodles (\$4.95). Among entrees, the chicken with basil leaves (\$4.95), the Thai pepper steak (\$5.75) and chicken stir-fried with ginger, curry and green beans (\$4.95) are wonderful. Proper accompaniment to any of these is a bottle of Thailand's Singha beer—a touch sweet for some palates, but on this one, the best brew made anywhere east of Dortmund.

Open 11 a.m.-3 p.m. and 5 p.m.-10 p.m. weekdays, noon-3 p.m. and 5-10 p.m. Saturdays, 5-10 p.m. Sunday. Credit cards. 790-0439. —El Paso.

## Old Times Kafe 1485 W. Prince Road

I just pulled a boner. At lunch with Iggy, our founder, I touted this terrific, though widely unknown, cafe.

"Write it!" the lizard commanded. "We're short on EATS reviews this issue. Do it tomorrow, or even tonight." Now you're all gonna know about the verifiably best family-style restaurant in Pima County, and I'm gonna be waiting in line at a joint I used to enjoy unmolested by other eaters.

Here's the score, sigh:

The only disingenuous thing about the Kafe is its "K." It's a converted home that would've made Beaver and the Cleavers comfortable. Formicaphobes won't find any, and the waitresses are genuine—real pros who understand the pace of dining, and the proper sum of conversation between eater and server.

Order dinner from the "Winter Specials" placard located in front of you on the tablecloth. Feel free to disregard the menu; the specials, all \$5.99, include the best fried catfish most people have ever had, and three cuts of beef, ribs or fried chicken. The dinner will come with vegetables, usually fresh, and a baked potato or rice.

If you're hungry for some real food, the filet is super, both in taste and dimensions—it measures at least five inches across by an inch thick, and it's wrapped in bacon. The catfish merits a second mention; it's stupendous. The ribs are fair; the sauce a little bland.

The breakfast menu is sufficiently varied. Some speak well of the French

toast, though my day, and hence my expertise, generally begins with lunch, and here you can afford to be daring. Have livers and gizzards; I do. Or have a cheeseburger. Old Times' is unique—they call it Greek-style. Whatever you do, reserve room for pie. Old Times' apple pie is so hell-fire good that finishing it will leave you awash in sadness that it's gone.

Open Monday-Saturday 6:30 a.m.—9:30 p.m., Sunday, 7 a.m.—9:30 p.m. Charge cards. 293-2324. —Beef Boeuf

## Red Lobster 5061 N. Oracle and 6622 E. Tanque Verde

Okay, what's a giant chain fish restaurant, relentlessly inoffensive and market-researched up to its gills, doing in this library of small, individualistic and adventuresome places? Simple: it's reliable. If that sounds like damning with virtually inaudible praise, think back to all the over-salted, overcooked and over-the-hill fish you've been served, often at pricier joints than this. When it comes to seafood, reliability is a virtue not to be underestimated.

Three of us scarfed up a quick, cheap lunch at the North Oracle shop the other day and generally felt good about it. Broiled flounder stuffed with deviled crab was moist, the crab exuded sweetness, and the accompaniments—kumquat-sized hush puppies, crisp cole slaw and a small hill of rice—were perfect. A "Luncheon Combo" served up popcorn shrimp, fried flounder and fried patties of deviled crab—tasty enough, but more fried food than one ought to digest at one meal. A "Light Lunch" of chilled shrimp (boiled in the shell, as they should be) and clam chowder, however, was only half enjoyable. The shrimp were excellent, but the chowder was too thick with flour and too thin with seafood. Complained the diner, "The clams phone each other long distance to warn of the approaching spoon."

But the bill came to a few cents under fifteen bucks, which is barely out of fast-food territory—hell, one of us shelled out four and a half clams the other day at a Long John Silver's, and it wasn't nearly as good. Red Lobster offers efficient service, a full bar, and the option of spending more for fancier meals if you care to. (For example, \$6.95 for langostinos in marinara sauce, or \$11.95 for Alaskan snow crab legs. Live Maine lobster is sold at market price—\$16.95 on the day we inquired.)

One of the guys at our table observed, "I like taking my mother here, because it's not too big-city for her." Another, whose personal rule for dining out in America is to "never eat in a town of less than 250,000 people unless it's in a state with a seacoast" says he'd make an exception if he found a Red Lobster. Reliability. Don't scorn it.

Open Sunday-Thursday, 11 a.m.—10 p.m., Friday-Saturday, 11 a.m.—11 p.m. Credit cards; carry-out available. 293-9174 (Oracle); 886-5584 (Tanque Verde).—El Paso.

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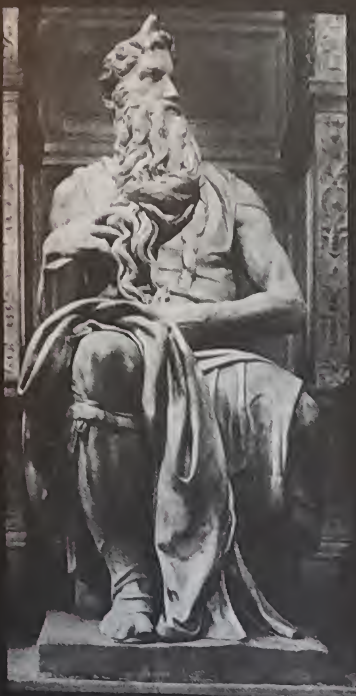
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# Encores

### Bentley's House of Coffee and Tea

810 E. University

Great place to study punks, hippies, young Republicans—you know, the human race. Always busy, this small coffee house has a Mother Earth feel, serving healthy food (spinach pie, cheese puffs, stuffed croissants, daily specials and enormous salads). Hearty food for the belly and soul and everything is reasonably priced. They have outstanding desserts that change daily from marshmallow brownies to rugalouch to eight-layer Kahlua chocolate cake. Coffee by the pound to go. Live music, mostly folk. Average meal \$3.50. 7 a.m.-1 a.m. weekdays, 3 a.m. weekends. 795-0338. —Country.

### Cafe Magritte

254 E. Congress

The ultimate surrealist lunch. We walked in and immediately noticed a chartreuse apple stuck in the brick wall. Formerly the original Dinnerware, the place has been transformed into an upscale eatery with plants in corners, wood floors, brick walls, large glass windows that serve up generous portions of sunlight. The menu is sparse but everything on it is a light, delicious combination of flavors. We sampled the vegetarian cheesecake, served hot, a platter of shaved ham and smoked gouda cheese, and a fruit and cheese plate with strawberries, sliced apples and smoked gouda and brie. Everything came with French bread and salads heavy on color, served with a curried mustard dressing, slightly sweet and delicious. We indulged in dessert, lemon cheesecake (slightly dry), and something called Chocolate Overload which was just that (great). Revolving art shows. Wheelchair access. Non-smoking section. Visa and MC. Lunch and dinner hours. 884-8004. —Country.

### Crossroads Restaurant

36th and 4th ave.

This combination drive-in and full sit-down Mexican restaurant has great food and authentic character. If you're not up to sitting in a restaurant full of people, you can sit in your car in pajamas, have your food brought to you '50s

style and let mariachis serenade you with love songs while you eat. Five combination plates range in price from \$4-\$6.25. They also have the usual entrees of burros, tamales, chimis, flautas, enchiladas etc. Some unusual twists and turns with seafood dinners such as Camaron a la Veracruzana (steamed shrimp with olives and vegetables-\$6.50) or Camaron a la Mexicana (steamed shrimp in fresh green salsa-\$6.50). Once a place frequented mostly by southside families, it's become a hangout for the university crowd. Domestic/Mexican beer and popular wines. Wheelchair access. Visa and MC. 624-0395 —Country.

### Mi Casa

6335 E. Tanque Verde

Blue corn tortillas, which are to northern New Mexico what green corn tamales are to Southern Arizona, finally have arrived here—but rather than in the humble cafe style we prefer, these have been yuppified a la Santa Fe. That's okay, though; the food here is wonderful, ranging from Mexican to fresh fish and seafood, all of it presented as an art form. An appetizer of Coho salmon in puff pastry was very fine; a salad of papaya and endive was even better. Our steak tacos came with a side dish of corn, nondescript until we tasted it and found it to be scraped from a fresh, sweet cob. Moist swordfish was draped in tequila butter and flanked by crispy, tiny vegetables, arranged in a different design on each diner's plate. Can be quite expensive; most entrees in the \$8 to \$15 range. Open for lunch and dinner, except Mondays. 885-5310—Hungry Heart.

### Nate's

4700 E. Broadway

If you like N.Y. style deli, you'll find Nate's to be a very reasonable facsimile thereof. The corned beef and pastrami sandwiches, the soul of all self-respecting N.Y. delis, are hot and hefty. Pickles and sauerkraut greeted me as I began my nostalgic gastronomical trip. There are forty sandwiches, so choosing is almost impossible. I wanted to order one of each. Soups,

salads, salamis, and shrimp (we're not talking kosher here) are available. The fries are fine, but the cole slaw was too sweet for my taste. A few caraway seeds would help. The dessert case starts with cheese cake and runs wild with raspberry truffle, chocolate mousse, etc. In other words, there's a caloric excess to suit every taste. So whether it's corned beef, kasha, kishka, cake, or cholesterol, you'll find it all here. Limited access. Moderate prices, meats, smoked fish and cheese available for take-out. Visa and MC. Open daily, 7 a.m.-9 p.m. and 'til 11 p.m. on Fri. and Sat. 881-1101. —Back East.

### Presidio Grill

3352 E. Speedway

If food is theater, this new hot spot does it very well. Tucked unassumingly in the midst of Speedway's kitsch and clutter (only in the Southwest would the "in" crowd gather next to a Walgreen's in a strip shopping center), Presidio will stun you the moment you step in the door with its cosmopolitan Art Deco style. The seasonal Southwest nouvelle menu offers such surprises as roasted elephant ear garlic with brie and mixed peppers, pizza with sun-dried tomatoes and prosciutto, or Creole chicken with hot sausage gumbo. The grilled Chicken Santa Fe (\$7) features slices with sumptuously plump skin fanned out over a green tomatillo sauce, flanked by blue corn cakes and salsa fresca. The Guaymas shrimp, roasted peppers and artichokes over linguine (\$9) comes with a rich cream sauce laced with cilantro (the unavoidable herb of the '80s). Dessert choices include Chocolate Duet with English biscuits and berries. Don't miss this class act—but do call ahead if you plan to arrive during the weekday lunch crush. Major credit cards; wheelchair access; lunch and dinner daily, breakfast added on weekends. Closed Mondays. 327-4667. —Hungry Heart.

### Sgt. Grijalva's Restaurant y Cantina & Misty Mountain Gallery

255 Camino Otero, Tubac

There is nothing even remotely military about the



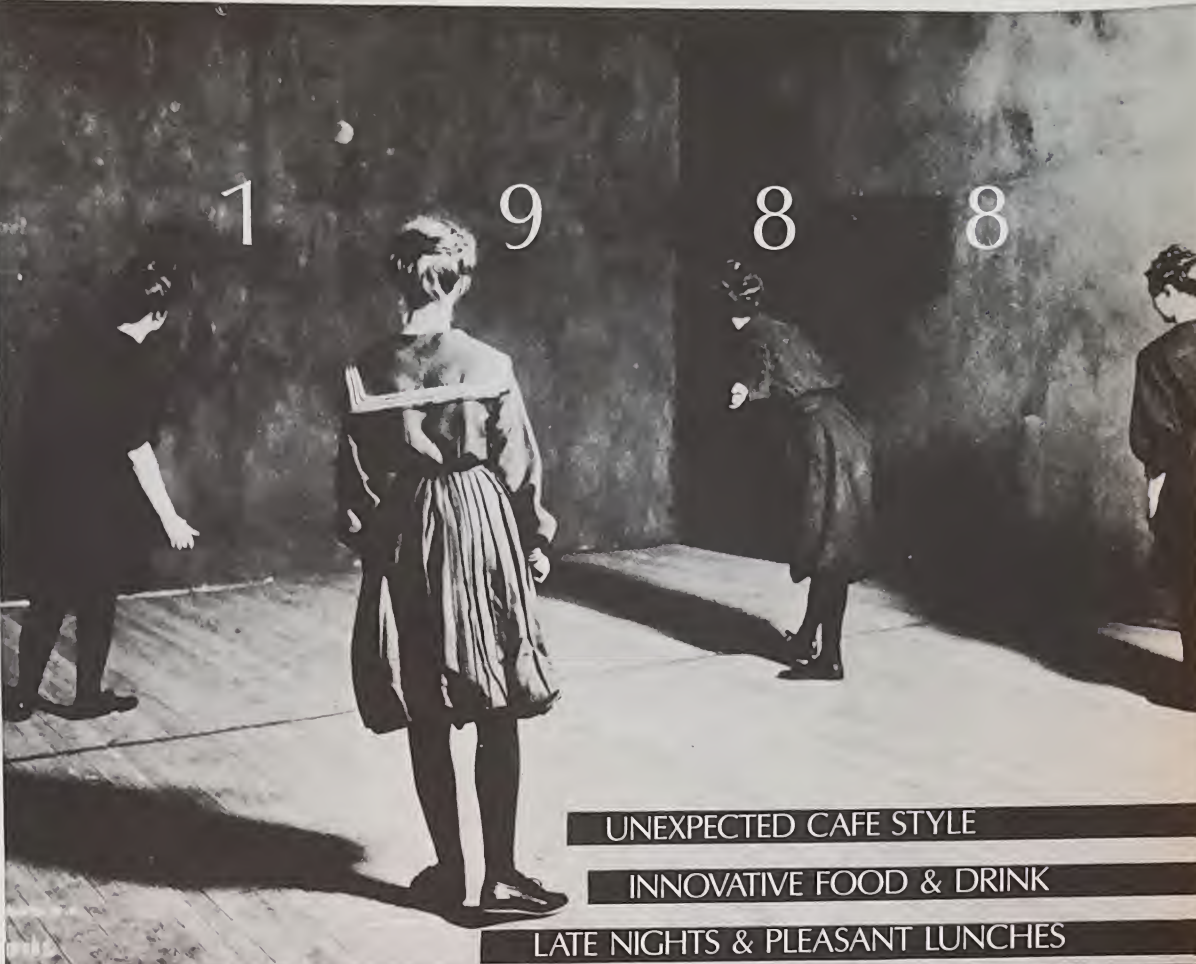
# Eat

atmosphere at Sgt. Grijalva's place. On the contrary, it's just like the rest of Tubac village with its quiet charm and friendly, relaxed service. I was happy with my lunchtime choice of a Doña Susanna salad—three huge shrimp and tasty smoked chicken slices atop an interesting arrangement of spinach, orange circles, bean sprouts, lettuce, squash, alfalfa, tomatoes and onions with a choice of dressings and a hot roll and butter. My companion made short work of a cheese enchilada plate which included beans and a salad similar to mine. He pronounced it "just fine and quite filling," which from his age group (upper teens) is no small compliment. There was plenty of good coffee, though I thought it could have a little hotter. Open seven days a week for breakfast (7 a.m.-10 a.m.), lunch (11 a.m.-3 p.m.) and dinner (5 p.m.-10 p.m.) Reservations suggested: 1-398-2263. -Limey

## The Swedish Boathouse 7889 E. 22nd St.

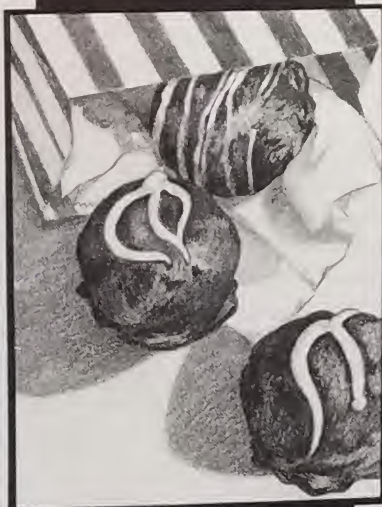
This landlubbing riverboat always looked a little strange, perched there on the left bank of the Pantano Wash. Now,

with a new owner, theme and ethnic menu, it is stranger still: There are lakeside tables inside The Swedish Boat-house, and a lake with boats and a battery-operated frog-man to play with. But you don't need distractions from the food. The Swedes really know how to broil shrimp to perfection—a rare talent in this desert. The crab salad was excellent, too, as were the marinated mushrooms, fresh fruit salad, deviled and pickled eggs and a generous variety of other salads. At the hot smorgasbord table we found baked ham, meatballs, beef stew, parsleyed whole small potatoes and a tempting array of breads and cheeses. The potatoes were a little disappointing—a tad overdone—but all was forgiven with the arrival of a Swedish chocolate cake, deliciously moussey inside but firm enough on the outside, and perfectly complemented by strong coffee. Lunch served Tuesday-Friday, 11 a.m.—2 p.m.; dinner Tuesday—Saturday 5 p.m.—10 p.m. and Sunday 5 p.m.—8 p.m. Sunday brunch 11 a.m.—3 p.m. Wheelchair access, credit cards. 298—0028. —Limey.



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# NOTES

In 1899, Andrew Carnegie gave Tucson \$25,000 for a public library. This was three years before Phoenix thought to ask him for one, a fact that should add to our bulging store of municipal one-ups over The Blob.

Should, but won't. The embarrassing fact is that we haven't done very well in building on Carnegie's legacy. The library system we have today blooms with programs, but in terms of books and branches is maybe half what a city this size needs. We're thirty years overdue on a new downtown library, which will be inadequate from the day it opens in 1989. Phoenix hasn't done much better, but it has an excuse—nobody there reads.

There's also an aesthetic tragedy amid this tangle of political failures. You'll instantly understand if you take this picture down to 200 S. 6th Avenue and try to discern the poise and nobility so evident here in the shabby old geezer of a building you'll find there.

This library was designed by Henry Trost, a gifted architect who may have (the historical trail is foggy) worked for Louis Sullivan in Chicago in the 1890s. He stepped off the train in Tucson in 1899 and immediately found himself showered with commissions—a mansion for the Owls Club, a dorm for the university, a house for the Ronstadts. He won the library job in a competition, and turned out a small jewel in what was then becoming known as the Carnegie Classical style. A superbly proportioned portico pops out toward the street in a welcoming gesture, and the two wings echo the portico's Ionic columns bracketed by square brick piers. This was Trost's way of unifying the facade, yet introducing enough variation to keep it interesting. Look through a folio of Carnegie libraries and you'll find bigger, more imposing buildings. You won't find a better one.

Now look what we've done to it. The dome collapsed in a fire in 1941 and was expediently replaced by a flat roof. The tableau in the pediment celebrating science and art is gone, replaced by a plaster blank. The high, arched windows are filled in. The sculptural ornaments over the cornice, including a stunning pair of winged lions, have vanished. Two sets of additions have been grafted on, the first, in 1938, in a halfheartedly neoclassical style; the second, in 1961, a pair of crude young street thugs that seem to be elbowing a dignified old gentleman. Even the dedication, which once proclaimed this a CARNEGIE FREE LIBRARY, is gone.

It's unspeakably sad, this trashing of what once was a lovely little temple of reading. It's also a metaphor for the story of architecture in Tucson between 1945 and today, four decades of boom that account for ninety percent of the carelessly built city we have today.

## THE DERELICT OF SOUTH SIXTH

*A modest proposal to free the Carnegie Library*



In the last few years, there have been some signs of a turnaround, some good buildings such as Loews Ventana Canyon and Gateway Plaza (a spec office building at Kolb and Speedway that sports more color than *USA Today*—albeit *harmonious* color). There have been some worthwhile restorations and a gust of National Register activity. It's cause for optimism, and a reason that we now need a new metaphor. The Carnegie Free Library still could provide it.

The library staff has a proposed a new use for its old building: as a "cultural center" for exhibits, lectures, film festivals and the performing arts. So far, so good. The first whiff of trouble arises in a conversation about it with library director Marcia King. Yes, she says, the cultural center will need to keep those additions. Without them, the building would

be too small. The main stack area, west of the vestibule, can't be used for anything but storage because those stacks—olive drab steel bookcases—are load-bearing. Tear them out and the roof will fall in! The stacks eat a third of the interior space, and with a total of only 22,000 square feet, nobody wants to talk about reducing what's left, no matter what it looks like.

Tucson shouldn't swallow this proposal.

It's cheap, expedient and graceless. Euthanasia would be more honorable: let's bulldoze the derelict and throw up a slump block Multi-Use Facility with acres of space and no pretense that architecture is art. Just make it a municipal Price Club. This is, after all, consistent with what we've been doing for a couple of generations.

Or else let's painstakingly and lovingly restore it. Commission new sculptures and rebuild the ornamentation. Reopen the windows; let the sunshine in. Restore the

dome. Rip off the additions. Tear down the fence. And sure, make it a cultural center. New load-bearing walls can be built around the stacks and the interior space expanded with a sensitive rebuild of the west side.

An expensive proposition? Damn right.

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—Lawrence W. Cheek

## FLASH! EDITOR LOOSE AGAIN!

Which former Tucson newspaper editor recently was seen nosing around at the Arizona Newspapers Association meeting, possibly sniffing for jobs?

Nope, not Gerald Garcia, late of the *Tucson Citizen*. This time it's William Woestendiek, who led *The Arizona Daily Star* to its only Pulitzer during his tenure as its executive editor. Now, after five and a half years at *The Plain Dealer* in Cleveland, Woestendiek is again out of a job, this time, apparently, after losing a power struggle with his own managing editor.

So is he job-hunting out here, just as Garcia has been rumored to be doing? "That's an interesting question," said the 63-year-old Woestendiek in a phone interview. "I was really not out there looking for a job. I was out there as past president of the Arizona Newspapers Association. That doesn't

mean I'd be averse to the right job," he added, in a refrain that is becoming familiar in these parts. "I'd love to come back. It's a great place to live or work—editing or teaching, I'd be very interested."

Woestendiek, who was followed to the Cleveland paper by several Tucsonans (including reporters John Long, who is still there, and Steve Meissner, who is back at the *Star*), has a reputation as an aggressive editor with excellent news judgment, but also a stubborn one who doesn't choose his battles carefully. His resumé, while sporting such successes as the *Star*'s Pulitzer (for coverage of the University of Arizona football scandals under former coach Tony Mason), also includes involuntary departures from several of the newspapers he has edited.

"I was hoping you were calling with a good prospect," said Woestendiek, chuckling.



# PLANNING PIMA

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On second thought, no hurry. The Tucson metro area has no regional land-use plan today, and the molasses-like process of drafting one has just been moved to another burner—and not necessarily a warmer one. On Nov. 9, some members of a citizen's committee that had been working on the plan for eighteen months were stunned when Assistant County Manager Chuck Huckelberry and Planning Director Bob Johnson told them, in effect, never mind. We'll just have our staffs work out a plan for the unincorporated areas, let the other towns and cities churn out their own plans (using a common set of goals and objectives) and then we'll get back to you.

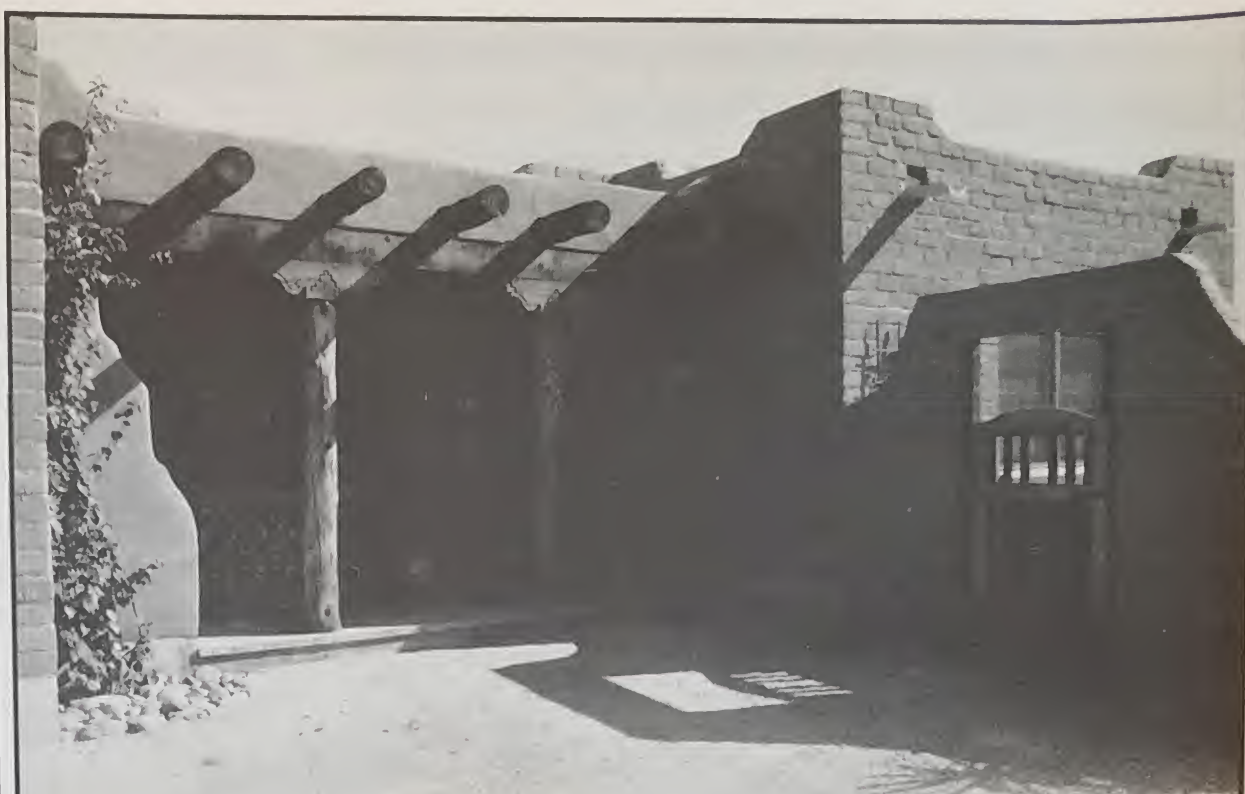
"One critical thing jumped out at me when the staff announced this total change in strategy," warned Tres English, a member of the comprehensive plan committee and co-chairman of a related citizen's committee on air quality, in a letter to Mayor Tom Volgy. "There will be no regional comprehensive planning until June 1989. With the exception of goals and objectives, which we have always had and which have no teeth, everything the county will now try to do will be with the county only. Each jurisdiction will continue on its own separate way for the next year and a half..." His fear is this will mean business as it has always been, in which developers decide where and how we will grow, and huge satellites like Rancho Vistoso pop up in the vacuum of a metro-area vision.

Laments Pam Patton, another local comprehensive plan agitator: "(County officials) just wimped out, with the supervisors' blessings, I'm sure. They're just going back to amending old area plans, in a piecemeal process. If we do it this way, and then string together five plans from five jurisdictions, we'll end up with an incomprehensive and incomprehensible plan."

Even Andrew Federhar, a lobbyist for the development community and co-chair with English of the air-quality committee, expresses dismay, noting that the situation cries out for metro government. Federhar, who supported 1986's failed attempt for a half-cent sales tax to pay for long-range transportation plans, fears the delays will screw up transportation funding next time around as well. "My concern is that this leads to exactly what us 'tired old asphalt lobbyists' have been accused of: having transportation decisions drive land-use policy."

Huckelberry and Johnson counter that this is their only option, because incorporated towns don't want Pima County telling them how or where to grow. And they insist their timetable—to have a plan in hand in two to three years—has not changed. Says Huckelberry, "Tucson has a comprehensive plan, and Marana has adopted a general land-use plan. Oro Valley and South Tucson are just beginning to develop their comprehensive plans. The only real variable is Pima, and we intend to move forward ... in getting our own house in order."

Neighborhood activist Wanda Shattuck, a mem-



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## NOTES

ber of both the comprehensive plan and air quality committees, agrees. "Chuck's scenario reflects the current political reality," she says.

But others, like Pima Federation of Homeowners leaders Patton and Dave Elwood, charge that this new go-it-alone, hash-it-out-later strategy is but the latest in years of frustrating stalling tactics. They say public officials have been far too chintzy with the comprehensive plan committee, both with money and information such as data on sewer capacity. They complain that county officials declined to join Pima Federation's trip last summer to Austin, Texas, to study that city's successful, well-financed plan, hammered out in a contentious environment similar to Tucson's.

"There has been a total lack of leadership," adds English. "Leadership ultimately has to come from the elected officials—the Board of Supervisors and the City Council—to provide the bucks, move aside the roadblocks, negotiate with the other jurisdictions. And none of that has happened." He contends city and county elected officials have plenty of leverage at getting the other towns to cooperate, ranging from quiet encouragement to the hardball of withholding sewer and water hookups.

Obviously, there is vast disagree-

ment about how to arrive at a comprehensive plan, and what it should say. Creating a plan with teeth will require the toughest political compromise ever attempted in this valley.

At the two extremes of the issue, people are accused of either wanting to slow growth by spelling out very low-density zoning and freezing it forever; or of wanting only a meaningless, unenforceable list of land-use goals and objectives that will keep the real power in the hands of speculators, developers, elected officials and the bureaucracy.

All the traditional competitions and jealousies of the various jurisdictions are flaring—what, Tucson and Pima County *work together*? Hungry Marana compromise its newfound piece of the action? Not to mention the clashing ambitions of the players—like Patton and Supervisor Iris Dewhirst, who probably will be battling each other in the 1988 county election.

Which areas of the county will attract the most population growth, and with it the attendant tax base, crime and traffic? Should another vote on the half-cent sales tax and long-range transportation plan wait for this comprehensive land use plan?

Despite such explosive questions, Johnson claims to be optimistic:

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## NOTES

"We're closer than we were eighteen months ago. My own strategic plan is that Pima County will have the highest level of standards, and then, once we've established credibility (for the comprehensive planning process), the other jurisdictions will follow. I think we can achieve quality and consistency." His plan is to have a proposal to offer residents of the unincorporated areas by June, followed by a draft comprehensive plan in June 1989.

"This doesn't mean citizen input will be reduced," insists Huckelberry. "It just means we need time to do our work and to present the committee with facts, rather than spending all our time in committees that are arguing without facts."

Neighborhood activists including Patton, Elwood and English, meanwhile, are hoping that neighborhoods will unite to take the lead and push a meaningful comprehensive plan that will map out natural areas the community wants to preserve, as well as land that is appropriate for development—and then enforce the plan through regional caps on sewer and road capacity. If we'd had all this a generation ago, they rightly observe, today we might have a city of leafy riparian parks, arroyos free of cement, shorter commutes, fewer ugly strip zones and a Saguaro National Monument unmenaced by creeping suburbanization.

"Neighborhoods, homebuilders, major businesses, environmentalists—all will have to get together and force the governments into doing their job," says English, suggesting that a well-planned community, without a brown cloud over its head, is the best route for both slow-growthers and pro-growthers to choose. □

—Norma Coile



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*Iggy's view of the underbelly of life*

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- U.S. military aid to Israel in 1987, per Israeli sol-  
dier: \$12,350
- Portion of all trading on the New York Stock  
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vestors: 1/10
- Requests for changes in new tax code received  
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- Number of direct-mail solicitations sent to  
Henry David Thoreau at Walden Pond this  
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- Rank of murder among causes of death for Co-  
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- Percentage increase, since 1975, in the number  
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- Price of Pet Rest—a casket, bodybag, sympathy  
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- Life expectancy of a worker ant (in months): 3

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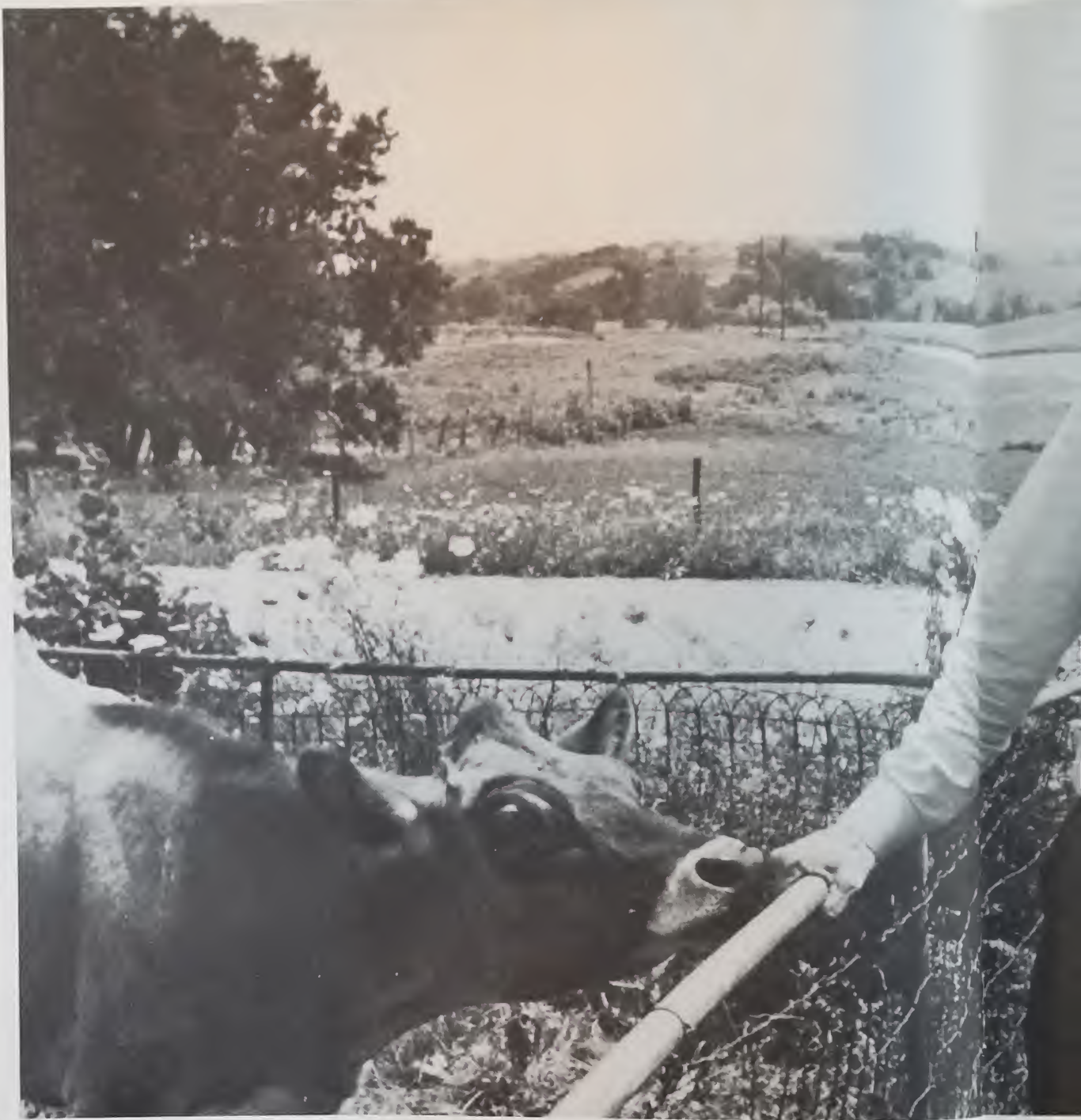


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# HE'S THE TAXMAN

*Babbitt's smart, straight, original—and selling him in Iowa is like peddling the I.R.S.*

**By Norma Coile**

In his campaign headquarters, he keeps a poster of Robert Redford as "The Candidate." At forty-nine, he sees himself as the president. But the man his campaign must sell still has vestiges of the junior high nerd his Flagstaff peers saw—the one who went on, through sheer work and will, to become senior class president.

"His self-esteem never came from being the prettiest child," notes Hattie Babbitt, perhaps the one person who really knows the shy man beneath the cool intellect. "It came from leading the pack with ideas and being smart."

Prime architect of his own aloof, academic personality, Bruce Babbitt will never be the dream candidate of the consultants who gave us Gary Hart as Marlboro Man and Joe Biden as Baby Boomer.

His strongest selling point turns out to be exactly what drives voters away.

It's 1 a.m., the end of another eighteen-hour day of selling Bruce Babbitt. Though he'll have to be up at six to do it again, Chris Hamel throws himself, with a bull-like energy that somehow makes him appear stocky when he isn't, into the corner booth of a hotel lounge in Cedar Rapids, Iowa. Upstairs, the candidate has fallen into bed to grab a few hours before flying on to New Hampshire. But Hamel, coordinator of the Iowa political organization that regularly draws kudos in national media coverage





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The campaign year has been brutal with disappointments. National headlines last summer, after Babbitt bombed the first televised debate from Houston with a dreadful head-bobbing, preachy performance, predicted he'd be the first Democratic casualty of the '88 race. Campaign coffers have been running on empty. Poll after poll has placed him in the bottom half of the six Democrats, and Johnny Carson likes to joke about that "Wabbitt, Wabbitt, Wabbitt."

But with eighty-two days left from this November night—Hamel knows the exact count—until the first real test of strength, the Iowa caucuses on February 8, Babbitt's people are pumped up. Other candidates, like Dick Gephardt, peaked too early and looked to be on the way down, while Babbitt is finally catching a wave of flattering national publicity. Just this week, CNN had named him campaign "winner of the week," and a computer-transmitted hotline for political junkies around the country had presented "the case for Babbitt," in which his chances of surprising the field were likened to those of fellow western moderate Hart four years ago.

His plan for new tax revenues and specific budget cuts once had been scoffed at as suicide à la Mondale. But the stock market crash of October 19, which forced even Ronald Reagan to talk taxes, had gone a long way toward vindicating Babbitt—and making some of the other Democratic candidates look pretty silly on the deficit crisis. At the same time, the tenacious longshot from Arizona—described by *The Wall Street Journal* as "an acquired taste"—seemed slowly to have earned the admiration of commentators. Without the luxury of expensive image consultants to remake him, Babbitt had willfully gone out since the Houston debacle and proved that "if they can teach Mr. Ed to talk on TV, they can teach me."

By late November, Babbitt still had plenty of detractors, including the *The New Republic*, which dismissed him as having no base of support. And he continued to do dismally in a couple of polls—fifth out of six in Iowa; tied for last in New Hampshire. But it had become almost chic in the national press to praise him for his forthright honesty and his original ideas—all the while writing him off and lamenting the "given" that a serious, noncharismatic candidate can't win in the television age.

*Newsweek* criticized "an annoying press habit...the tendency [for example] to give Bruce Babbitt's poor performance in a debate more prominence than his innovative profit-sharing proposals." Over near New Hampshire, which holds the second "must-win" contest of the presidential season, a paper called *The Boston Phoenix* urged voters: "Assume, for the nonce, that this is a race of ideas, and that candidates should be judged on how honestly and imaginatively they are addressing America's problems, and what they are prescribing for the future. In that kind of a race, former Arizona governor Bruce Babbitt would have to be counted the front-runner."

And in an *Atlantic Monthly* piece that was reprinted in the *Los Angeles Times* and quoted on CNN, columnist Jack Beatty said Babbitt's proposals "add up to the most imaginative program for reform since that of the New Deal."

Out of 100,000 Iowa Democrats expected to vote on February 8, Hamel figures—in the absence of a clear front-runner—that just 8,000 votes might make the difference between first and third place. And for Babbitt, even third place in Iowa would surpass the nation's expectations and give him momentum.

"I wake up every morning convinced we can win this thing," says Babbitt's man in the heartland, finishing off his beer and finally calling it a day.

Six weeks earlier in the campaign, the rewards for the Arizona crew were even rarer. But the day-to-day business of plodding stubbornly forward with a message many Democrats did not want to hear continued just the same. And the Babbitt faithful did their best to turn it into their hallmark of authenticity—just as Paul Simon's bowtie was becoming his.

Arriving in Washington, D.C., on October 6, the night before the Democratic National Committee's major fundraiser for the '88 race, Babbitt is the outsider—a western governor never dealt into the Capitol Hill game, now cavalierly (it would seem) risking the Democrats' chances by talking out loud about collecting new revenues and requiring a "universal needs test" for entitlement programs sacred to the party's constituencies. Here he would be facing a party establishment partial to more traditional liberals of the eastern mold, like Mike Dukakis, or to Washington insiders like Gephardt.

As his advisers whisk him to his room at the elegant Sheraton on Connecticut Avenue for a late-night strategy session, they aren't singing the blues about these realities, however. For Babbitt, the outsider by design, pandering to rigidly traditional party regulars is not the goal at all. Hattie, already checked-in after arriving from a different direction on the campaign circuit than her husband, points out the real audience to play to at tomorrow's debate: the network television cameras. But finding a way to keep them from snoozing in the face of Babbitt's professorial, eclectic approach to the issues—"radical centrism," he calls it, in a term that could empty a room—continued to be challenge enough.

It's a week after Dukakis' trouble over the Biden video; Black Monday is still thirteen days away. Just in from Miami, where rival Al Gore has launched his controversial strategy to win Southerners on Super Tuesday by claiming he's the only Democrat not weak on defense, Babbitt seems distracted. His first move is to look wistfully out the hotel window to the outdoors he sees so little of these days. But he soon yanks the thick drapes shut and folds his long frame onto the couch, next to Hattie—who wryly comments that if she'd known everyone was coming, she would have gotten her nightgown off the bed and her slip off the floor (even if they are great evidence, in this crazy year, that the wife is sleeping in the candidate's bed).

Campaign manager DuVal, like Hamel one of the idealistic baby boomers in their thirties who have attached their careers to Babbitt's, is sitting cross-legged on the floor in a crisp white button-down shirt and loosened tie. He throws out his number-one goal for tomorrow's debate: "This crowd will be dying to hear about Republican cross-overs. It's time to say point-blank: 'I carried two out of five Republicans in my re-election.' Is that the exact ratio? I'll find out. The need for precision has certainly been underscored this year."

The campaign's Washington-based issues director, Bart Gellman, tells the candidate that his comments about Persian Gulf tensions weren't clear enough in last night's Miami debate. "Your answer was too broad. My advice is to limit it to Congress-bashing—They have an obligation to make up their mind, but they're unwilling. My policy is keep American flags on American ships and keep them out of the war. We should be there, but neutral. Your colleagues will do nothing but bash Reagan."

DuVal shakes his head, not sure about putting all the heat on the Democratic Congress. "Folks, this is the DNC. They're all delegates, and once we make the cut, they're all in the [nominating] game."

Decides Babbitt, "Look, the guy watching the tube at home just wants to know: 'Are they willing

of Babbitt, is taking advantage of this chance to gossip with a couple of reporters from home (mostly about Ev Mecham) and to check in with his field workers. On a clear, bone-chilling night a week before Thanksgiving, the bar is packed and cozy.

His dark pinstriped suit would be at home on the Federal Reserve Board, but thirty-three-year-old Hamel would not. He has the ambition and competence to match the suit—he used to be an investment banker, and before that a special assistant to Gov. Babbitt. But, as with Tucson-raised campaign manager Fred DuVal, his blond, boyish looks and flip humor don't quite fit the image of high-stakes national politics.

A city boy from Phoenix, Hamel and his wife have been marooned in these cornfields for nearly a year with a challenge that expert after expert has dismissed as hopeless. But Hamel and DuVal envisioned this choice as far back as 1980, when Hamel sent Babbitt to Iowa to stump for a congressional candidate and test his appeal outside Arizona. "We'd just wake up thinking our boss should be president," Hamel recalls. After the 1984 Democratic convention, the idea grew on Babbitt too, and he had DuVal set up a national PAC at the same time Hamel ran an alternative one at home that would have financed a 1986 Senate race against John McCain. He's here, Hamel admits, because Babbitt didn't have the fire to work this hard merely for a



to kick ass, or are they going to tuck tail and go home?" That's all."

Press aide Mike McCurry, agreeing, gently admonishes the candidate. "We hit too many universities last week; you got too academic. We need short phrases that get you in the dialogue." (Perhaps he was thinking of an earlier foreign-policy debate, in which Babbitt dutifully delivered his thoughtful eight-point plans, only to be outgunned by a simple Dukakis simile: "America has to stop acting like a lonesome cowboy.")

McCurry, more ruffled and sardonic than the others, as any good press secretary should be, mentions a story that he hears will be in tomorrow's *Washington Post*. It will say Gore's voting record on defense is basically no different than the other candidates', despite his claims. "Once again ah disagree with ahl mah fine colleagues," jokes McCurry, mimicking the Tennessee senator.

Gellman agrees that the way to counter Gore, who he complains is "all packaging," is to "do it with humor; kid him. Say: 'These guys are all playing inside-the-Beltway games.'"

"I'll be the straight shooter from cactus land," quips Babbitt.

The next strategy, Gellman suggests, should be to acknowledge what every DNC member will be thinking when looking at Babbitt: that Walter Mondale was trampled in '84 because he called for a tax increase.

Grumbles McCurry, "All these second-rate pundits are drawing exactly the wrong message from us. We all cringe remembering Mondale. But this isn't '84; the country has now had eight full years of [Reagan] flim-flam."

"Yes, but Gore's on a roll here in terms of marketing," Gellman continues. "His message is he can win. I'm not sure we can let that go."

DuVal is persuaded. "It's an exciting idea to take the Mondale issue on, especially in front of this crowd. Excellent...No one asked you to raise taxes, but everyone is asking you to tell the truth."

Gellman has a warning, however. "I'm afraid it won't be heard. I'm a little afraid we're fooling ourselves with this soft message that if we tell the truth [about the deficit], we'll win."

Midnight is approaching; Babbitt will be lucky to get seven hours of sleep. Bruce and Hattie walk to get their younger fans to the door, watching fondly as they go—almost as if they are family. (As Hattie recently told their campaign manager's father, former Tucsonan Merlin K. DuVal, "I see your son more often than I get to see my husband.")

"Hey, does anybody have a clean red tie I can borrow for the debate?" Babbitt calls out sheepishly, remembering the uniform he and the other candidates always wear for the cameras. Gellman offers the one around his neck, but is rebuffed by Hattie: "It was the fourth wrinkle from the bottom that disqualified it," she teases.

Downstairs they head for the lounge and settle into deep, halfmoon couches of plush green to continue plotting, without the candidate, over a round of Molson's Golden. DuVal, occasionally biting his nails as he takes on much of the decision-making responsibility, has been with Babbitt since the first race for state attorney general in 1974. Gellman is a former *New Republic* staffer with curly dark hair and intellectual, but polite, eastern intensity. There's

also John Russonello, a moustached, briefcase-carrying Washington political consultant who describes himself as "high-priced? Hah!"; and press aide McCurry, an articulate and down-to-brass-tacks contributor who presses his ideas forcefully.

Asks Gellman, the campaign's main speech writer, as he continues to work on getting Babbitt's "truth-telling" message heard: "I don't want to put any words in his mouth that he isn't comfortable with. What's simple and colloquial [language] for Bruce Babbitt?"

"Unilateral balance," groans Russonello, winking.

"Yeah, we need to structure a humorous line, or an applause line, to get listeners with us in the beginning," says DuVal. They throw out a few, none



Tim Fuller

grabbers, so Gellman moves on to another substantive point. "I've now decided 'revenue' is a weasel word," he says. "I think he should say 'tax,' but do it funny—the T-word."

Speaking for Babbitt, McCurry tries this: "We have to raise taxes...*There I go again.*" It's a twist on the line Reagan used to great effect against Carter in 1980, and DuVal and McCurry like it. That settled, they sit back for some relaxed brainstorming.

"They're all trying to eat into the territory we claimed [on tackling the deficit]," says DuVal. "But it's all flim-flam—Dukakis' 'more IRS agents'; Gephardt's 'oil import fees.' They're telling you what you want to hear instead of the truth. Electability is the key—that's why we've got to get our message across about Republican crossovers, and about the Arizona experience [where Babbitt twice was elected governor in a very conservative state]."

"But wait," Russonello counters. "Our message is that we're the candidate of substance. Do we want to go to a purely political message like that just yet?"

McCurry, impatient, explains how to combine them: By being truthful, substantive, dynamic—that's how you attract the crossover votes. Okay, agrees the consultant, I buy that.

Adds McCurry, a non-Arizonan who was John Glenn's press aide four years ago, "But Fred, he can't just say 'what I learned in Arizona.' It isn't strong enough [in the national arena].... What we should stress is that he's bright, witty, substantive, not 'the rube from Arizona' some [Easterners] would expect."

Babbitt will have a chance to ask Jesse Jackson a

question at tomorrow's debate, and Hamel has called in from Iowa with a suggestion. Everyone in the DNC hall will be worried that Jackson will run as an independent after the Democratic convention. Why not address it head-on? Adds DuVal, "If he doesn't answer the question, that'll be the biggest news out of the debate."

McCurry shakes his head vigorously and grimaces. "No, no. Jackson will just say, 'I'm going to win the nomination, get off my case.' He'll go on to make whatever points he wants to get into the debate, and that will be that."

DuVal isn't thrilled with the alternative, nonetheless. Babbitt wants to ask Jackson, with whom he shares a mutual respect, a gentlemanly question about workers sharing more of the profits in the

workplace, a theme of both candidates. "Why ask Jackson to explain the point we're trying to make?"

McCurry says not to worry about Gore; his strategy is backfiring; one of his key New Hampshire supporters is ready to walk. "I just happen to have a videotape right here," McCurry jokes. Laughing, DuVal raises his arms defensively and orders, "If you do, don't tell me! Then only one head has to roll. If three people got canned in this organization, it'd all be over!"

As the four of them get up to head for home—or the various homes they're "crashing" to save the campaign money—they mention some staffing concerns—Dukakis, the leading money-raiser, has paid staff in many states, while pauper Babbitt is betting the whole farm on Iowa (where he has twenty-two on staff) and New Hampshire.

"Hey, you creative guys might think of a song for the band to play when Babbitt's introduced at the 'gala dinner' tomorrow," DuVal suddenly remembers. "For the time being I told them 'Rocky.'"

McCurry wants something western, but "The Marlboro Theme" definitely is out—it was Hart's. "How about 'Bonanza?'" DuVal asks. McCurry tests it, singing a few bars. "That's not bad," he decides.

If this evening has been "the making of a presidential candidate," it hasn't come across as crass or cynical image-shaping. Noting that "we aren't exactly rolling in dough, and the consultants in their penthouse suites would probably take a pass on us," McCurry praises the Babbitt style as "unadorned, unglossed, almost anti-consultant in tone"—and claims it's working for him in Iowa.

Of course, the transformation of our man from a bespectacled geologist in bushy hair and flannel shirts to a presidential aspirant in Brooks Brothers suits and contact lenses was completed years ago in Arizona, out of the campaign spotlight. The work on his Nixonesque voice and self-conscious television style may never be finished. And there has been, as *The Arizona Republic* reported, slight campaign embellishment of Babbitt's home state record on child care, accessibility to reporters and fiscal management.

But at this stage, refreshingly, all we have are several regular guys trying to market the genuine, albeit untested, substance of Bruce Babbitt on national issues—sort of like hawking a vitamin that goes down hard but could be good for you. They're relatively candid, possessed of some likable wit and blarney. If anything, they're bowing too little to public opinion polls and political realities (but then,



a candidate this far out of the money can, and must, take risks a frontrunner can't).  
Can they get the country to listen?

Kennedy Center, the next morning, is regal in crimson carpet and glittering chandeliers. In a hall overlooking the Potomac, snippets of conversation—the neurotic talk that always surrounds politics—show that political operatives from the other campaigns are here in force for the day's debate: "Even with two egos per room, I don't have enough suites...."

"I'm just gearing up to schmooze...."  
"Our campaign has no sense of humor at this point"; "Trust me, you never did."

Babbitt's arrival is carefully orchestrated for the point at which the Democratic National Committee members, convention delegates all, have filled the auditorium. The tallest of the candidates, he immediately stands out as all six file onto the stage, grinning and holding thumbs up. Above them on the cathedral-sized wall is a two-story-tall Old Glory.

"There are only three people in this hall who think Babbitt can win," McCurry grouses, in the audience, "and one of them is Hattie."

Over the next hour, Babbitt sits straight and tall, bobbing no longer. But he still has some distracting mannerisms—"it's something weird he does with his mouth," comments a Texas reporter—and his smiles come awkwardly. (After Houston, says McCurry, "we mainly just told him not to jump around in his chair and act like he had something stuck up his behind.")

He says we have to cut the deficit, without Gramm-Rudman, by having the moral courage to separate programs for the homeless and needy from those, like anti-satellite weapons and the MX missile, that aren't necessary; and then by raising taxes. "Why no applause?" he asks in mock surprise, hoping for a laugh he doesn't really get. "Because some of you are thinking, 'That's a loser.' I think it's a winner." There is a very light smattering of polite applause.

He wins a more positive response when he says we must have day-care assistance for working parents and medical care for every child and pregnant woman; when he decries "the unspeakable tragedy of our being on the wrong side in South Africa"; and when he says his urgent priority is to build up conventional defense capability while reducing the nuclear arsenal. He "gently admonishes" Congress for its inaction on the Persian Gulf issue. He fields a softball question from Dukakis on his "great leadership on environmental issues," and in return throws Jackson the one about profit-sharing.

But the big splash of the day, as far as the press is concerned, is Simon's chiding of Gore to stop ripping his Democratic colleagues over "petty defense differences." On this one, despite the glee of his staffers that Gore may be a shooting star, Babbitt plays the thoughtful conciliator.

As Simon and Gore are being mobbed by reporters after the debate, McCurry and Russonello talk up how well Babbitt has done. The candidate agrees, telling Tucsonan Martin Bacal, Arizona's national committeeman: "I'm learning. I'm really starting to feel good."

But DuVal, stopped as he is rushing out of Kennedy Center and asked why Babbitt failed to mention the Republican crossovers, barks, "Yeah, that would have been nice." Catching himself, he quickly softens and adds, "It was a little disappointing. But you have a long list of goals, and you do better on some than on others."

McCurry spends the rest of the afternoon on the phone skillfully schmoozing with national reporters and putting a positive "spin" on his candidate's performance. Later, he happily reports that the big papers will use a Gore-being-Simonized lead, but that Babbitt's tax challenge will be the next paragraph, maybe even the second-day lead. Always the bridesmaid—but they'll take it.

That evening McCurry, changed into his penguin suit for the Democrats' "gala" at the Washington Hilton, announces that both NBC and ABC used Babbitt bits on the evening news. Deputy campaign manager Elaine Kamark lights up, until he adds, "A line about taxes."

"Oh, great," retorts Kamark, who is sassy, aggressive, fun in an East Coast way. "Now, now," Gellman lightly chides her. "That's what we wanted."

The other five candidates are sponsoring hospitality rooms with open bars—Simon's featuring a neon-blue bowtie; Gore's smartly using a room too small, so it overflows and manufactures an aura of exclusivity. The barebones, outside-the-Beltway Babbitt campaign, however, has opted not to afford one tonight. Explains McCurry, "We'd spend the money and everybody here would still have the same opinion: 'he's bright and capable but he can't possibly win.'"

Babbitt, a man who says "the book" on him is that he likes to govern but not to campaign, puts the evening to scrappy use, nonetheless. Notorious in Arizona for being tardy, he is the first of the candidates to arrive at a general cocktail party where TV reporters, bumping against a deadline, are pacing grumpily. With his tall presence, and with self-possessed Hattie, elegant, svelte and blonde, at his side,

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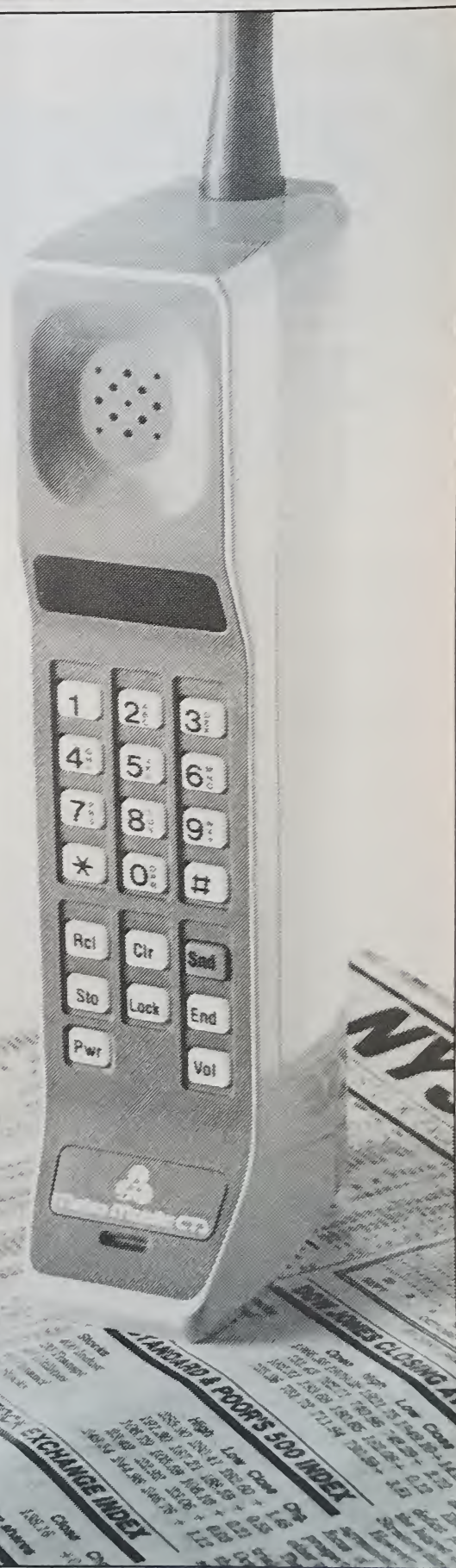
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Back at Babbitt's cramped Washington office,



Babbitt manages, for once, to draw the cameras like liberal Democrats to a spending spree.

Elsewhere in the room, a middle-aged delegate from New Jersey, still mourning Biden's demise, eyes Babbitt and shrugs. "He was middlin' today, I'd say. He is the only one talking about the environment, and that's supposed to be big with the young people. But does he have the support of all the Democrats in Arizona? No, I didn't think so."

"Miss Hattie!" a voter yells at another such campaign function, and the words, which bring to mind a Southern belle from "Gone With The Wind," hang incongruously in the air. Who can they refer to? Surely not Hattie Babbitt, an independent, accomplished Phoenix lawyer and mother of two who is managing to maintain a scaled-down practice, despite darting about the country to campaign.

She would seem to be the perfect political partner for the new generation—but for this competence she was actually criticized in a *Vogue* article on the candidate's wives: "The public may see a wife who is 'too' effective on the stump as a minus rather than a plus. Says a young man who recently heard a speech by Hattie Babbitt, '(She's) so good she makes you think maybe she wants to be the candidate.'"

Combine this commentary with the constant criticism of Bruce's style and electability, and one begins to wonder: how do the Babbitts keep their spirits up for a campaign that appears to deliver so little encouragement? "It can be difficult," muses Hattie, enjoying the sun-filled library of the Arizona Inn during a rare campaign stop in Tucson. "Imagine being forty-nine like Bruce, well into your middle age, and having to deal with people always asking"—she mimics a whiny voice—"How come you don't look good on TV?"

"Well, Bruce is just so calm. He just practices and tries to improve his TV skills, where if it were me they were criticizing, I would hurt," she continues. More gregarious than Bruce, Hattie figures she would get tired of it all if she were the candidate, and would want to be home more often to hug her children. But when she ponders her husband's unflinching commitment to letting voters around the country "kick the tires," she thinks of the book *Seven Summits*. Written by a friend of the Babbitts, it profiles people who decided in middle-age to scale the world's most challenging mountains.

Babbitt, a man who sees the outdoors as his personal gymnasium when at home in Arizona, frequently uses the mountain-climbing metaphor to describe the campaign, as in "let's look at the next ledge and get there," Hattie notes. "When you're on a twenty-five mile hike, carrying a pack through the snow, you don't stop after ten miles and say, 'This is too hard, let's go back.'"

Hattie is asked if the Babbitts are concerned about the number of Democratic activists in Arizona, many of them former Hart supporters, who are leaning to Simon or Dukakis. "The phenomenon of doubters in your home state is a common one," she says. "Mo Udall almost won that nomination in 1976, and Arizonans barely noticed. Mo gave us good advice on what you can do to keep Arizonans involved, but you eventually run out of time. It isn't an ideal world, so feelings get hurt and people are easily wooed."

"But," she warns, revealing the tough side known around the Phoenix courthouse, "we're really Arizonans, and win, lose or draw, we'll be back. People tempted by other candidates will see us again."

Monday morning at the Phoenix headquarters, a day after Babbitt did wonders to erase his "Bruce Who?" problem—all by giving this answer to the dreaded M-Question: "I was a college student in the 1960s and a civil rights lawyer down South. Sure, I tried marijuana...."

McCurry, who has relatives in town and had planned to take part of the day off, hurries in to handle the barrage of phone calls.



Tim Fuller

It never quite materializes (although the governor himself, concerned as usual about more substantive issues, calls in from Houston to ask whether he should continue to hit Gephardt on his oil-import fees, even though they're popular with Texans. He answers his own question: he hasn't come this far just to begin telling audiences what they want to hear).

The nation's political commentators already had put their own "no-big-deal" spin on the story. Even *USA Today*, after polling The Average USA Resident, shrugged. The *Chicago Tribune* said we all have a past, and added, "The leader of the country ought not to be a drunk. But neither should he be someone who never sat down with a couple of buddies and killed a six-pack."

Ironically, the immediate fallout for the campaign seemed to be positive. The November 7 news broke in the middle of Iowa's politically crucial Jefferson-Jackson weekend, which Gephardt hoped to dominate in order to stop his downward slide in the polls there. Instead, Babbitt stole the headlines from him three days running in the influential *Des Moines Register*—once for asking his opponents how they'll pay for all their social programs, again for a hard-hitting speech detailing his plan to immediately cut \$40 billion from the federal deficit, and finally for blowing some marijuana smoke twenty-five years ago.

According to McCurry, the decision on how to handle the pot question, should it ever come up, was made more than a year ago, during Babbitt's celebrated bike ride across Iowa. McCurry recalled

that he sat down with Bruce and Hattie and asked them if there were any matters of a personal nature that their press secretary ought to know about. The pot in the past came up, and although none of them could imagine it becoming a relevant campaign issue, Babbitt said he was prepared to be candid if it did. He was, after all, going to run as "the truth teller."

As remote and matter-of-fact as it all sounded back then, Babbitt's pledge of candor eventually required him to make a difficult phone call from Iowa to his two young children in Phoenix, after the issue did burst open. "He had to explain, as a parent, that now we know more [about marijuana], to know that it's wrong," McCurry said. "He told them he feels strongly that they shouldn't try it." Son T.J.'s response: "Aw Dad, we already know...."

No one could do more than speculate whether Babbitt, and especially Gore, would suffer retribution from voters or contributors for their pot admissions. National polls strongly suggested otherwise, and the chairmen of both political parties in Iowa called it a non-issue. But the two candidates had earned the dubious achievement of making it into the running gag of the campaign year:

*Jimmy Carter, Richard Nixon, Hart and Biden are taking a cruise together for some much-needed R&R. The ship strikes an iceberg, and Carter yells, "Women and children first!"*

*"Screw the women and children," growls Nixon. "Is there time to?" asks Hart. "Is there time to?" asks Biden.*

*And Babbitt and Gore chime in, "Oh, WOW, man. Look at the sunrise!"*

Back in Arizona, it almost looked like a new Bruce was molting—first the "Saturday Night Live" skit, now pot. Was this really our ex-governor? As Phoenix political columnist John Kolbe reportedly chided Babbitt's deputy press aide, "I've been telling all these national reporters who call me that Babbitt's the stiffest, least-relaxed person I know. What am I supposed to say now?"

Thursday, November 19. The candidate's day begins at 4 a.m. in New York City, where, among other things, he has been begging for money. By midmorning he is at his second home, the Kirkwood Hotel in Des Moines.

He is in a charming, playful mood as he heads upstairs, with his entourage and several journalists, to put in his daily television practice. But the instant he sits down and faces McCurry and the Sony home videocam, he becomes stiff and uncomfortable. His answers to possible debate questions, played back to him on a television screen, emerge woodenly from a grim face. It's hard to get fired up in a small, stuffy hotel room, with a cold, unresponsive lens as an audience.

A few minutes later, riding in a van to a debate before the American Association of Retired Persons, Babbitt asks for some aspirin. He may have a headache, but his considerable wit has returned now that the camera is gone: Handed two Tylenol by a *Houston Chronicle* reporter, Babbitt inspects them and quips, "These don't have any mind-altering qualities, do they?" "I use them all the time," the journalist assures him. Retorts Babbitt, "Believe me, what reporters use is not my criteria."

Fortunately for Babbitt, he is nearly as relaxed during the debate, before an important bloc of Iowa



voters. Though many of the activist retirees surely have problems with Babbitt's call for progressive taxing of Social Security benefits after a threshold income—say, \$50,000—they hear him out and applaud him warmly. He tells a moving story about watching health slipping away, this very campaign year, from his eighty-nine-year-old father in Flagstaff. Even though the Babbitts have the money for private nurses and other support systems, it has been difficult to honor his father's wish to remain at home, rather than in an institution, he says. He wonders aloud how impoverished Americans can possibly manage. That's why, he adds, he wants to tax the Social Security benefits of the rich and use the money to provide long-term health care for those who need it.

Afterwards, Milo DePhillips, a sixty-year-old homebuilder from West Des Moines, takes slight exception to Babbitt, saying, "As you get older, you never have enough money. It is a real serious concern that you're going to outlive your nest-egg. So his needs-testing plan is a real problem. But putting the money into long-term care would go a long way toward helping our problems. I'd like to know more about his plan."

"I'll tell you one thing, Babbitt's sharp, sharp as heck," the lifelong Democrat adds. "He's coming on stronger all the time."

But once again, he will not be the focus of the debate coverage. That role will go to Simon, who found himself under siege by the other candidates following his recent first-place showing in an Iowa poll. For several minutes after emerging from the debate, in fact, Babbitt will stand awkwardly, like a wallflower at a prom, the only candidate not attracting any reporters. In time, however, a number of people come up with hearty congratulations. "You won again," says a *New York Magazine* reporter, shaking his hand. "But I'm not going to write it that way this time." In other words, he won't peel off from the pack again.

From here it is off to a bumpy, chartered flight upstate to Waterloo and Cedar Falls. Babbitt is handed a sandwich to gobble—aargh, turkey again, the fare his staff has fed him twice a day for nine months. "Write a sharp memo," he jokes to Hamel, "demanding tuna."

At a University of Northern Iowa gig, he holds the attention of a hundred students, evoking his memories of Martin Luther King and a nation's social conscience. He's challenged by a student Hamel later calls "The Contra Kid" about not supporting the Nicaraguan rebels, but quickly demolishes him. After getting the student to say right-wing dictatorships are okay but leftist ones aren't, Babbitt tells him to drop his "excessive paranoia," because Marxism has lost its appeal around the world and American values are winning. What we should do in Central America is support the peace plan of the Costa Rican president, tell Gorbachev "no heavy metal," advocate a market economy, and nurture our relations with Mexico.

But afterwards, a forty-five-year-old college worker named Larry Gordon, who says he has a Babbitt bumper sticker on his '72 Ford, admits his nagging doubts: "I don't know if there's enough people who think he can win. I don't want to throw my vote away." Another voter says Babbitt always has struck him as cold, an image that wasn't helped by a Des Moines newspaper profile in which Babbitt conceded he has no close friends.

On to the tiny town of Independence, where our desert dweller is driven past Roy's Feed Seed and Farmer's Bank to a restaurant gathering of about twenty Democrats. Tough customers all, each with at least one specific, well-informed question to ask, they are typical of the Iowans any presidential hope-

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ful must court one-on-one. Still in his pancake make-up from the debate, Babbitt is beginning to look hollow-eyed and haggard; it's after 9 p.m. But he rises to the task, telling them he'll protect the family farmer without subsidizing corporate agribusiness; and answering the two questions he appears to get most often: Isn't his five-percent national sales tax, on items other than food, medicine and housing, too regressive? ("It can be structured so it isn't.") How can he expect to work with the very congressmen he refers to as "gutless wonders?" ("I'm a politician.")

He even takes on the issue of electability, and finally does DuVal proud by getting around to the crossover message. Noting that organ music is coming from another part of the restaurant, he jokes, "I hope that's not a wake, and that it isn't political. But seriously, I wager we'll win. Why can we win [the whole thing]? Because I was elected by land-slides in a Republican state."

Regina Bearman, a thirty-five-year-old housewife whose husband has been laid off from a farm-tool factory, listens with her arms crossed and her face impassive. But at the end she lets on, "He impressed me. He doesn't give everything a candy coating."

For months people have been speculating that he'll have to drop out, but Babbitt and his people insist the campaign will have enough money to get through Iowa, on February 8, and New Hampshire, a week later, on a tight, scaled-down budget. As of September 30, he'd raised \$1.4 million, borrowed \$472,000 against his federal matching funds (to pay for his Iowa TV ads last spring), and spent \$1.85 million. But he was devoting an hour or more a day to private telephone conversations with potential contributors and fundraisers (they find it harder to say no to the candidate himself). "All Bruce has to do for maintenance is basically find 100 people a month to give \$1,000 each, and that he can do," says McCurry.

As for the polls, although they look terrible on the surface, Hamel believes they do show a solid, non-fickle base of Babbitt support. Besides, he stresses, polling people is very different from getting them to go out on a frigid, snowbound February night to stand up in the local cafeteria, publicly declare for their candidate and spend hours trying to convince other voters to go their way—and that's the commitment the Iowa caucuses require. Actual caucus-goers are a small percentage of the registered Democrats in Iowa, and Hamel has taken very good care of them. Even those who have committed to one of Babbitt's rivals, after months of being courted by the Arizonan, have received warm, handwritten notes from Hamel wishing them well. At a brokered caucus, he's betting that kind of goodwill could pay off.

Babbitt's budget-cutting plan, which would "reform" some entitlement programs to target them to the truly needy, hits a number of Democratic special-interest groups, and that may hurt. But then again, Iowans—who have the highest literacy rate in the nation—are voters who take their opportunity to pick our presidents seriously, and Babbitt believes they'll take the long economic view and bite the bullet with him.

Nothing short of third-place finishes in both early states can save Babbitt, according to observers like Udall, who finished higher than that—second—in fourteen primaries, and still didn't get the 1976 nomination. Babbitt's people hedge, however, suggesting all they really have to do is beat expectations, and that fourth in Iowa might be enough to keep them alive. Considering that only five candi-



dates still are campaigning there, now that Gore has focused on the South, that's hard to swallow. And after New Hampshire come the Super Tuesday states, where Babbitt has spent no money except to "tread water" in Texas, where he is competing primarily with fellow Spanish-speaker Dukakis for Hispanic support.

Asked in mid-November how Babbitt was running in Iowa, DuVal wrinkled his brow and answered, "Fourth—or third." But campaigns have a tendency to fib about these things, depending on whether they need to raise or lower those proverbial expectations.

Back at the Cedar Rapids bar, seven years after his first venture into the cornfields, Hamel has no regrets even as this campaign's dream seems to everyone else to be on the verge of collapse. Except, perhaps, that so many Arizonans won't understand, if Babbitt doesn't make the cut, that he nonetheless has emerged as a national figure. "I can't imagine any Democratic administration not embracing some of his programs," Hamel gushes. But asked if he is hinting at a Babbitt cabinet post, say secretary of interior or attorney general, he shakes his head firmly. "We're in this to win."

On this night he and his fresh-out-of-college workers are talking about a straw poll of Cedar Rapids Democrats that may be coming up. "Man, we could win that one big," insists Hamel's local organizer. Another field worker, from Iowa City, flashes her black eyes and a knowing smile: "We could have fun with that."

"Firepower!" urges their boss, who has pulled off straw poll victories in four Iowa counties in recent weeks. "We'll pull out all the stops." All the ones they have. □

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# HEADPHONES AS BIG AS YOUR CAR

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By Ken Nichols

"Is it decadent?" ponders John Mongelli. "I guess you could call it that."

Mongelli is the owner of the ultimate car stereo—or maybe "stereo car" is the better term. It consumed a thousand hours in design, cost more than the BMW it's in, reproduces music without audible distortion at 135 decibels and sucks on an extra battery even when the engine's running. Mongelli's ultimate system was number one in a field of 17,000 entrants in the Alpine Car Audio Nationals in San Diego last August, rolling home with the title of Best Car Stereo in the United States.

This is not a hobby. Mongelli also owns Classic Car Sounds, the outfit that turns car interiors into something resembling giant headphones. With partner John Zimmerman he also owns Classic Research and Engineering, which handles all the theoreticals and design work behind the systems they install. The range of power, complexity and sophistication is enormous, with entry fees ranging from as little as \$100 for a car stereo to \$20,000 for a stereo car.

"The greatest *number* of our customers buy systems that cost \$100 to \$500," Mongelli explains. "Our greatest dollar *volume* comes from the mid- to high-range systems, a thousand dollars up to three or four thousand dollars."

I suppose some folks will view the high end of this business with no affection. Some might be fed up with ostentatious consumerism. (Tucson just doesn't seem big enough to have so many intense and important people using the phone in their cars, does it?) Mongelli has installed killer stereos in Ferraris, Lamborghinis, four-wheel-drive vehicles and, once, in a Phoenician's ski boat. You could go back to that word "decadent." But people love cars and people love music. The Beach Boys made a fortune

on those intertwined obsessions. Some people just want more than an AM broadcast of a Cubs game when they drive.

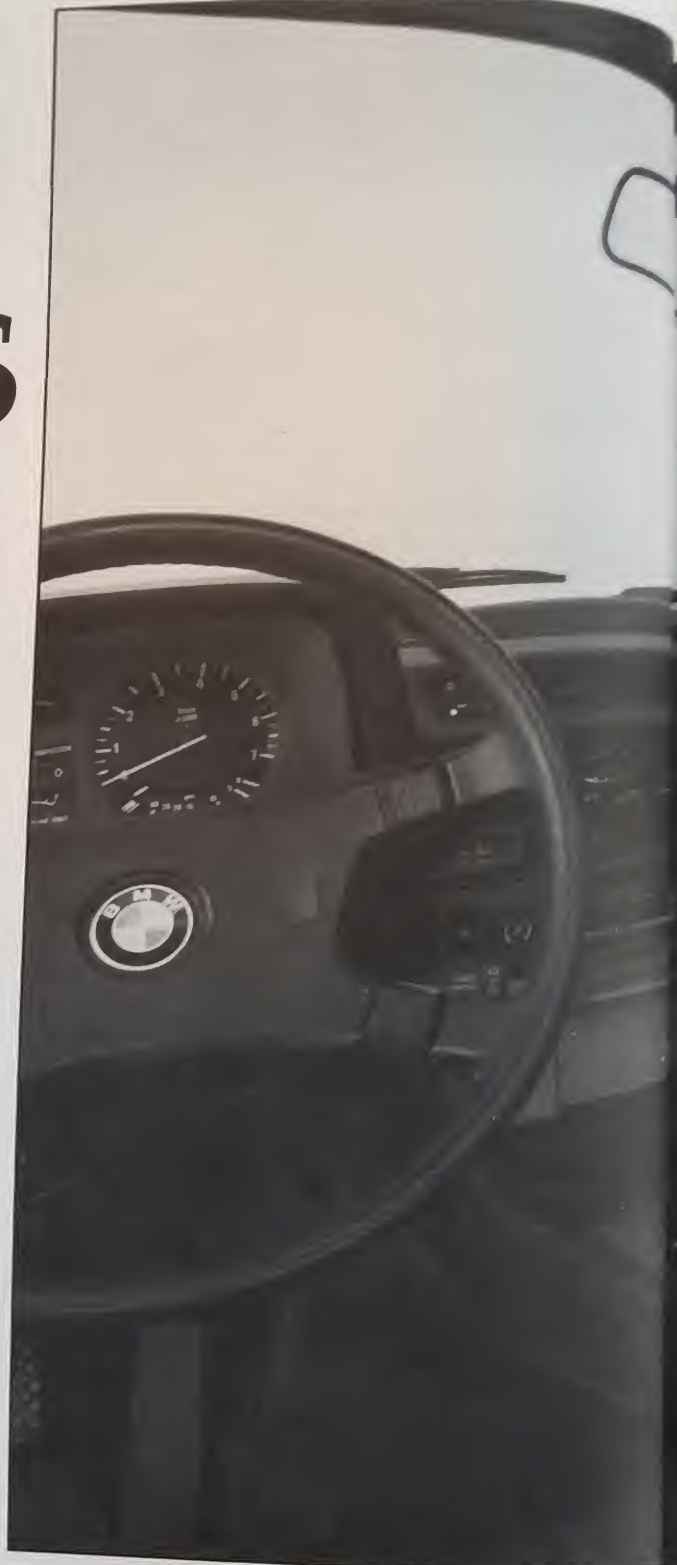
Mongelli is from the Jersey shore and he started in the business driving a truck and sweeping floors for an electronics store. As a kid he scrounged abandoned audio components, resurrected them and assembled stereo systems. He installed his first car stereo in 1965, rigging his MG-TD with a pair of PA speakers saved from a factory building awaiting demolition. He took a year of basic engineering and a year of business courses in college, and came to Tucson in 1976. Mongelli started his business in 1978, a time when "the level of sophistication in car audio was low," he observes. He considered the limits, or should we say "the possibilities," of the automobile as an acoustic chamber and came up with enough good ideas to earn a kind of starring role in the car audio world.

He's made the newspapers and he's been lauded in the pages of *Playboy*. He has famous customers in Hollywood. Some of the names are very big. Remember the guy in the gold football helmet on the back of Peter Fonda's motorcycle? In short, he's made our town *the* place to come for technology that appeals to the roadgoing audiophile. A little entertainment to soothe the duty of driving, particularly on those oppressive stretches when the liveliest diversion is figuring the mph to crack the red-light coordination code, doesn't seem unreasonable.

A lot of thought goes into each system. The type of interior—leather, vinyl, cloth—and the level of road noise are two factors. The size of the car is another. A Porsche presents a bigger challenge than a Cadillac; all those components have to fit somewhere. And fitting components stylishly into the

environment of an automobile is Mongelli's trademark. Back in 1980, one of *Playboy's* audio experts, Robert Angus, wrote: "The deluxe system is one I've been lusting after ever since I saw it installed in a white Cadillac by John Mongelli of Tucson. Perhaps the most outstanding thing about the system is that all the speakers and most of the components are out of sight." Mongelli's people can pack amplifiers, crossovers, a herd of high-tech speakers, a compact disc player, even a disc changer, into a car without "compromising the structural or cosmetic integrity of interior design," in his words. A thief, checking it out, will see only the tip of the electronic iceberg.

Mongelli's own 1984 BMW 733i, home of the prize-winning super system, appears to contain an AM-FM radio—nothing more. Yet his system consists of an Alpine 7902 compact disc player, eleven amplifiers cranking out a total of 2,190 watts, and sixteen speakers, all but the two twelve-inch subwoofers contained in what Classic Research and Engineering calls Z-Boxes. Zimmerman conceived these fiberglass enclosures back in 1979. Eight years of research and development followed. The result is a line of sixty different chambers into which high-end speakers can be mounted and positioned—firing toward the passengers' ears, for instance—to provide maximum imaging and detail in music, and







Photograph by Ballour Walker

still be integrated into the interior design of the car with chameleon grace. The hand-finished and upholstered Z-Boxes have been custom designed to match interiors from Mercedes, Ferrari, Porsche, Lamborghini, BMW, Camaro, and a box to fit any other car can be concocted. Mongelli says that besides allowing "optimum speaker positioning, it can be installed without tearing up the car." The speakers in the BMW blend into armrests and doors as though they were born in Bavaria with the rest of the car. Lift a seat, a deck or a trunk lid, and you'll see wiring harnesses and components installed with the look of factory equipment. The hidden detail is as important as the visible one.

I wanted to hear the Best Car Stereo in the United States, but felt I should work up to it. I listened to one of the workaday Mongelli systems (about \$1,000 worth) and, frankly, I've heard ordinary stereos in other cars that were as good. Mongelli is quick to acknowledge that even some factory-installed rigs have reached a level of decency, but the add-on price for them is more than he'll charge for equal or better quality sounds.

The next system I heard was a huge leap up the scale. A friend had turned his 1986 VW camper over to Mongelli for one of the big treatments—\$3,500 worth. At this level twelve speakers and one sub-

woofer are tucked away out of sight. Four amplifiers controlled by two crossovers generate 500 watts. The in-dash compact disc control is fed by a Sony Disc Jockey changer that puts ten discs at the fingertips. And the sound is phenomenal.

The sensation is one of being *inside* the music. Perfectly phased and balanced with one another, the speakers simply don't give away their locations. The music seems to have no source—it's just there, filling the interior of the van. Each instrument and voice receives clear, crisp, accurate reproduction across the full range of volume settings. This system sounds good at low volume, and remains true at volumes that make you consider a leap to the curb. I've heard only a few home systems that treated my ears as well.

I asked my friend what moved him to lay out the bucks, to go so far with his car stereo. He has a sophisticated home system, but with a wife and two sons hanging out there, he never gets to play exactly what he wants in just the way he wants to hear it. He's a photographer and his work keeps him on the move and in his car a lot. Music has been an obsession since childhood. Now he has a quality listening chamber where he's absolute master. Privacy, in a word.

He points to the practical as well as the per-

sonal. His boxy VW is a more nearly perfectible acoustic space than his living room, which would be rather expensive to redesign for optimum sound. It helps him escape Congress as well. "The sixty-five mph speed limit makes driving in the West boring," he says. Now he can load a few discs, set the cruise control, relax, and take in the sounds with the scenery. He controls his environment, gets his music fix, and sees the sights. Not an unpleasant prospect at all.

At this point I was sold on the technology, but was not at all prepared for the ultimate car concert in Mongelli's BMW. What we have here is so far out of the realm of ordinary experiences in music reproduction that you simply can't be prepared for it.

One of my hometown pals had the talent and the luck to plug into the LA pop music scene back in the early '70s. Over the years I've been fortunate enough to get through the doors of recording studios and observe some of the stages in LP production. Those studio systems have always been my standard of what music, stored, manipulated and reproduced electronically, should be. Mongelli's system—in a CAR, for heaven's sake—changes the whole game.

His BMW occupies a garage at the rear of the Classic Car Sounds lot. The 733i is his showpiece—literally—and is spotless. You won't find a smudge even under the hood. The monster stereo wasn't apparent even after I took a seat in the car. Mongelli removed a face-plate—an exact replica of the front of the factory-installed radio that comes with every 733i—to reveal the Alpine disc player.

The system doesn't just turn on; it erupts. "Intensity" is the first word that comes to mind. It's not like sitting before a stage and having the music wash over you; it's not like being "inside" the music either; it's like being inside the instruments playing the music. His first selection, a Herbie Hancock tune, flattened my skull with the first snap of the snare drum. The bass envelopes and vibrates the entire body. The mid and upper ranges were as pure as anyone could imagine.

I suspect this won't set well with a lot of people, and especially with anyone carrying a touch of technophobia, but human beings playing instruments can't make music sound this good. The super system doesn't alter the musicians' intent, but takes the medium into a science-fiction realm where it becomes something else, something so immediate and satisfying, so pervasive, that all the aesthetic reservations and arguments become irrelevant—at least to me. Mongelli's car is filled with a powerful musical intoxicant and I can't imagine how he drives the thing while the stereo's on.

The intoxicant can be addictive. I was content to stay there in a parked car in a garage and let the man work out his stereo. From Hancock to Puccini to Grace Jones to Rachmaninoff to Flim and the BBs. A passage in a piano concerto gives you the sensation of sitting at the keyboard. String sections sweep around the car and take the soul along for the ride. Percussive passages make you fear that some alien hallucination has descended upon you. For the finale, Mongelli asked me to go stand behind the car. He leaned in the driver's side, touched a button, and ran for the back of the garage, 135 decibels in pursuit. (Exposure to anything over 120 portends a knowledge of sign language and lip reading in your future). It was malevolent, apocalyptic. The concrete floor vibrated. I've been around unmuffled V-8 engines that would do that. But a stereo?

I'd have stayed all day, but some gents from Hong Kong had just arrived. They were here to go to school with John Mongelli, picking up a system for a client back home with a Rolls. Hong Kong to Tucson. Listen closely. You may be able to hear it. □



By Laura Greenberg

The midmorning sun splashes blinding rays across the stone walls of the old house out at Las Lomas—that desert haunt of the restless and/or artistic. Michael Philips Ives, relaxing in Mexican sandals, jeans with a conch belt and an electric turquoise shirt that overpowers his blue eyes, seems calm enough.

Ives is entering the galaxy of known stars in the art world. Art lovers, buyers and dealers are paying hard attention to his contemporary folk art—decorative pieces, furniture and acrylic paintings. His name has been cropping up in notable catalogs, galleries and most recently the *Sunday New York Times*. Don't call him a primitive folk artist. He blanches at the thought. The real ones, he says, are living in the hills of Kentucky and don't know what the phrase means. He will allow himself to be called a contemporary folk artist.

He grew up in Perrysburg, Ohio, a town swelling with white picket fences, lazy afternoons and fishing derbies on the Maumee River. Lately he has been digging through some old memories of life in Catholic parochial school and remembers, with a trace of pain, a bull of a nun who "beat our fingers with long fiberglass rods." He was expelled in the eighth grade for a wisecrack.

Nowadays, he's transcending his parochial school background by starting a new series of folk artworks that he hopes will become, in his words, "the pet rocks of Catholics." He visualizes decorative mirrors with hand-painted borders where small Catholic kids snake their way around the edge until they're whacked by some religious authority figure and sent off to Hell.

In high school he distinguished himself by graduating 152nd in a class of 154. He toyed with college for eighteen months in Florida but dropped out because business administration was boring. The year was 1967 and Vietnam was in every day's headlines. He employed "psych 101" to persuade his superiors that while he was not quite psycho, he was *out of it*. He won an early release from Officers Candidate School with an honorable discharge after serving one year.

It was that year, when he turned twenty, that he began to really draw. He started with large cartoon images colored with Magic Markers, graduating to watercolors and then moving into the acrylics he works in now. Formal training? None.

He crisscrossed the country, drawing and painting, taking the occasional class and working at an assortment of odd jobs. He became accomplished enough at architectural rendering that he joined the Peace Corps in 1983 and was sent to Liberia, where he taught architecture in a tech-

nical college. He lasted nine months before he was struck with a mysterious tropical malady they couldn't diagnose and was delivered back to the States. He devoured the Arizona sun and spent hours by the pool getting high. For a while, he worked in Santa Fe as an artist, learning computer graphics programs; he came to Tucson again and hung out; he worked briefly at Hughes Aircraft as a graphic artist, but says his political conscience nagged him about helping make missiles. He resigned on four hours' notice.

Ives turned to folk art about three years ago. It started as a cottage industry in his back yard, making cradles, snakes, mirrors with hand-painted borders, Yuppie model sailboats, armchairs, hallway seats and other sundry decoratives. Now it has grown into a monster he cannot handle alone. Michael Ives has become a production company. One day he found himself pacing at his brother Tom's pool, fretting over stacks of back orders he couldn't fill. A friend, Rick Sturtz, offered to go into business with him,

and they started a factory in a building near East 27th and Alvernon for his folk-art furniture.

He maintains the integrity of his pieces, he says, by personally training the workers who build and paint his designs, then overseeing construction and signing each piece. Currently his work is available in 140 boutiques and galleries nationally.

His wooden snakes and decorative mirrors are his best sellers. The snakes, which sell for as little as eleven dollars, vary in length, diameter and color, their hues subtly shifting from tail to head. His furniture, mostly priced at \$1,000 and up, is whimsical but functional—the prickly pear bench, with its large pads growing from the back, is quite comfortable. His paintings rely heavily on patterns, such as triangles, and they vibrate with color. His signature is his intense color contrasts, electric blues and man-eating greens and eyelid-raising magentas. Throughout all the work is the sensation of a precocious child at play.

He keeps his paintings separate

from his furniture, and vows never to show them jointly. He cranks. Each painting takes him between four and six hours to complete—well, the more complicated ones might take several days. The former vagabond is now thoroughly regimented. He awakens at "0-dark-100"—that's 4:15 a.m.—brews his killer caffeine injection, and two cups later he's painting or overseeing the work produced at the factory. He's in bed and asleep by 9 p.m. Social life? He says it's minimal. Marriage? No, he's never gotten around to it.

He says he hasn't realized much money yet, but his prickly pear bench has just been displayed, in technicolor, on the back cover of Singer Sewing Machines' new in-home decorator catalog. It will be mailed to more than two million homes.

Next month, he says, should be the first time he will make a genuine profit. His future? "I have no idea," he says, the responsibility of this whole thing taking off scares me."

Michael Ives, contemporary folk artist, just hired a lawyer.

Kulture for the rest of us

# FOLK



Michael Ives



# ART

Photography by Tim Fuller



William Holzman

By Marcia and Nicholas Spark

"Sometimes they don't end up like people want them to," he says, smiling keenly. "Once I started making a man, and it became a lady." Coming from anyone but William Holzman, such a statement would seem ridiculous. But this paint-speckled, eighty-four-year-old Tucsonan is completely believable. He has, for the past eight years, been creating all sorts of outrageously delightful objects drawing on human, animal and plant forms.

Sometimes they take the form of chairs, benches or weather vanes. Always they are wildly comic, free-form interpretations of people and beasts that are not consciously stylized, yet not literal either. The color schemes could be described as uninhibited. Some of the objects are mechanical; others are functional furniture. But the works he produces in his garage are never ordinary.

"An artist? No, I'm just a farmer," he says modestly. Indeed, he is—or

was, at least. William Holzman came to Tucson nearly twenty-five years ago, leaving his Wisconsin farm in order that his wife might live in the dry Arizona climate. Although he was sixty years old at the time, he never considered retirement. He opened a grocery store, but says he soon discovered that he was too generous to be in business. After that he contented himself with a series of odd jobs. He never considered not working until age seventy-four, when no one wanted to hire him.

In 1973, having been a widower for fourteen years, Holzman met and married Louise, his son's mother-in-law. Just like many young newlyweds, the couple felt pinched for cash. Louise, a former seamstress, decided to make garments and quilts to help support them. Holzman was determined that he would do some handiwork too. They decided to sell their goods at the Downtown Mercado, an open-air market.

At first, Holzman began to make toys and other objects out of wood. Each was brightly painted with lots of

multicolored dots filling in the empty spaces. The first items, note and pencil holders fabricated in the shapes of animals, sold so well on the first day that the couple was able to pay for the rent of their space at the Mercado and treat themselves to dinner at a restaurant. The success buoyed them. The customers kept coming, and soon there were all sorts of requests for custom work. By 1983, Holzman was so backlogged that he decided to forget the Mercado and sell out of his home.

Every day since, he has arisen at 7 a.m. and worked until 5 p.m. on his wooden art. Since he no longer had to haul his pieces to the Mercado, they became both larger and more intricate. Instead of small toys, he began to fashion chairs and weather vanes, some over six feet high.

From the street, there is nothing odd about his garage/studio. But look inside: The walls, floor and ceiling are bright yellow, punctuated with large red and green dots, as if the workshop itself were one of his toys. His shoes, too, are speckled with dots. Scattered about this studio are a wide array of

half-finished fauna and flora: a bench festooned with painted snakes, a prickly pear lamp with a rabbit and roadrunner crouched at the base, a chair whose back grows into a wolf's head. When Holzman sits down in his alligator chair, his head lounges naturally between the beast's gaping jaws. He delights in visual jokes. "I just do what comes naturally," he says, a twinkle in his eyes. While he describes his style in these six words, each piece is so complex that it takes weeks to build.

Holzman has made many chairs since his first one three years ago. One, ordered by a manager for Best Western, sprouted the crownlike logo of the hotel chain. A pair of Indian princess chairs sported real hoop earrings. His cowboy chairs wore painted boots at the ends of their legs.

Whirligigs, with their mechanical intricacies, fascinated him from the beginning. He has built scores of them. One, a striking and rather bizarre piece, was a queen who opened and closed her mouth as the wind blew, clamping down on the corn cob pipe she was smoking. One toy featured two lovers who kissed whenever the wind blew. There was another in which a monkey attempted to grab coconuts off a tin palm tree, and one with a witch flying off into the setting moon.

The mechanical contrivances have begun to permeate every aspect of his work. Recently his chairs began to grow moving parts. His alligator chair has a reptilian head on each arm, and the gators open their jaws, baring teeth, when someone rests his palms on them. The footrest, two alligators side by side, has a similar device.

Almost nothing is too difficult or too preposterous for this man to concoct, although the Wisconsin farmer in him balks at the ribald. When someone requested a nude, he thought the idea was humorous, but he couldn't bring himself to do it. Often, one of his customers will suggest a motif, but the objects he creates are always his. Few requests are rejected, but once the request is submitted, he does what he wants. In many cases, objects take on a new sex or species. He doesn't worry. Other avid fans await the chance to buy objects if rejected by the initial contractor.

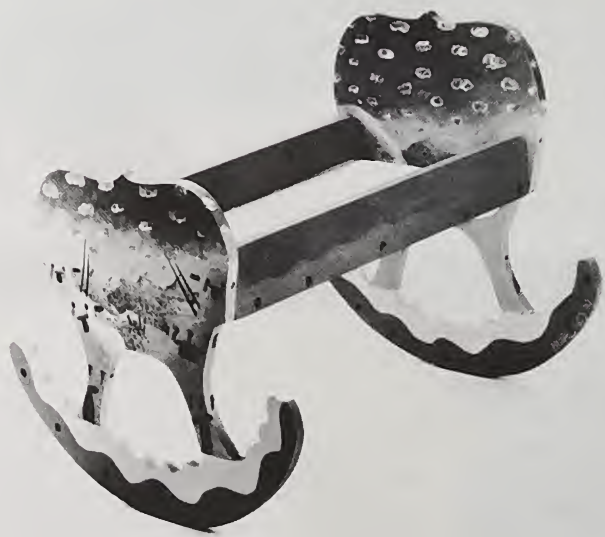
In one corner of the garage lies the order book, which lists his projects and customers for the past three years. His patrons include art professors, doctors and New York gallery owners. One chair is on display in the Arizona Museum for Youth in Mesa. Almost every week, the list grows longer. At this point, William Holzman acknowledges that he is about a year behind on his orders. He feels no pressure. "I'm just puttering around," he says. The child in the artist just wants to have fun.

Tucsonan Marcia Spark and her son Nicholas are enthusiasts of folk art.





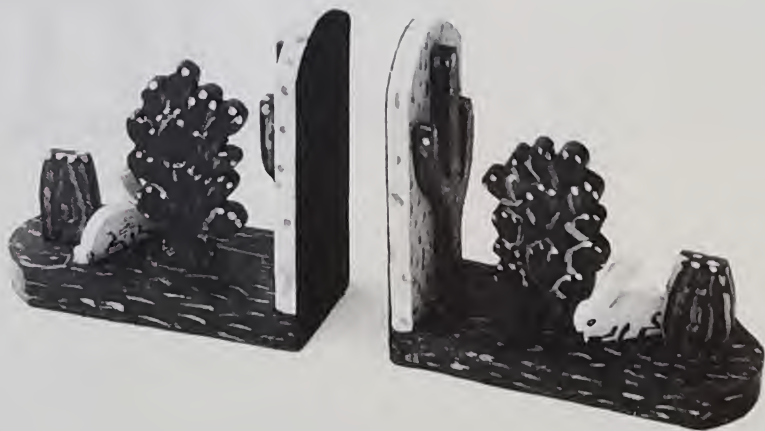
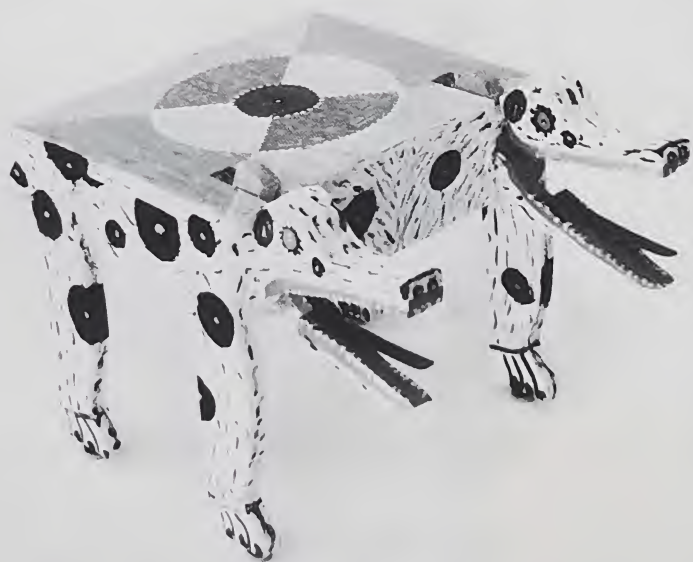
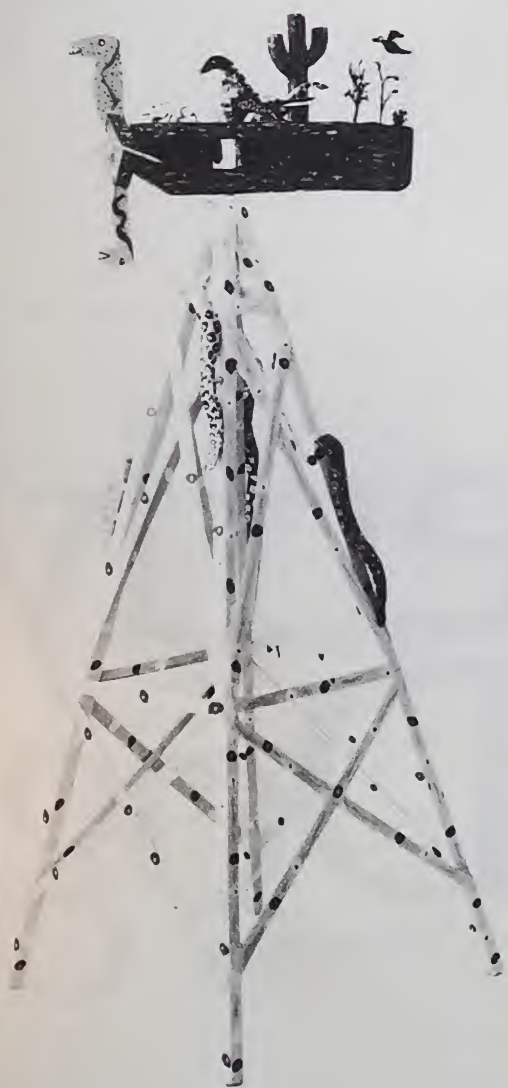
Michael Ives







William Holzman





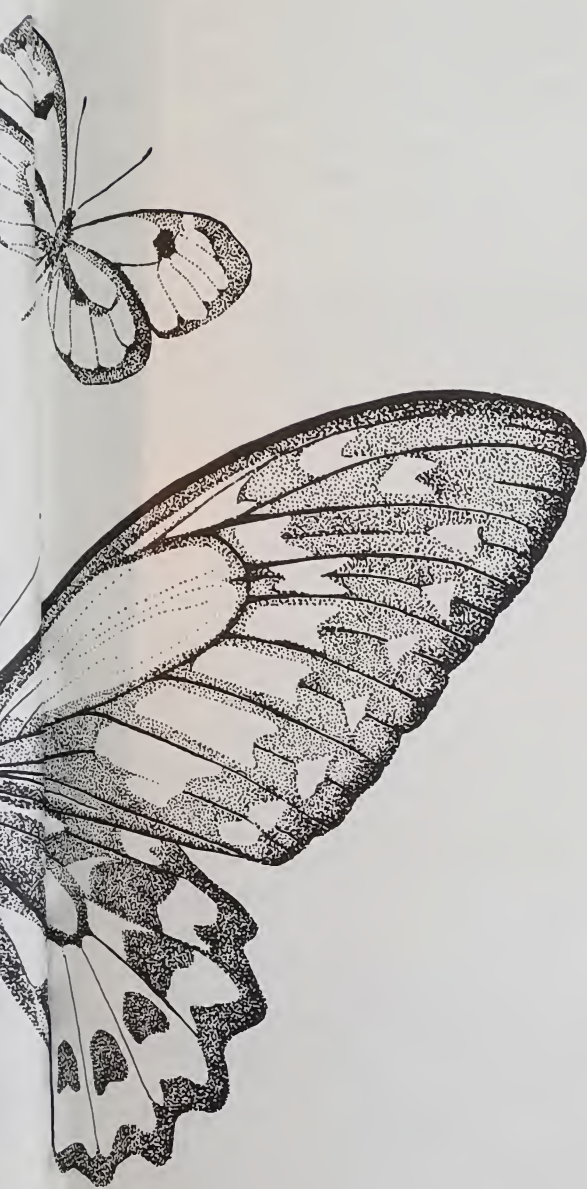
*The Spanish word  
mariposa means  
"butterfly." A child  
once told me a  
butterfly is a stick  
that flies on  
beautifully colored  
wings. She would  
catch them, press  
them in a book,  
and forget about  
them.*



# Butterfly Dog

By J.P.S. Brown





Betty Schweitzer-Johnson

Tom Coyle was receiving cattle at El Limon in the Sierra Madre of Chihuahua the first time he saw the bitch dog Mariposa. She was keeping herself delicately aloof from a pack of hungry mongrels Manuel Anaya had brought to help with the roundup. Her thin shell of a carcass did not make much track on the campground. She could not have weighed twenty pounds. Her ribs and backbone were so visible she looked like a black and tan harp.. She watched Manuel all the time. Tom could see she loved only Manuel, although he gave her little attention. He certainly never fed her much, but then Tom figured he did not have much to give away. Manuel was skinny, too.

Mariposa lay against the cool mortar of the main building of the old, crumbling hacienda at mealtime. She watched the other dogs fight over scraps the *vaqueros* dropped indiscriminately on the ground around their table. She rested and licked her sore places and waited. She seemed to know when Manuel was about to give her something and she stood up and looked at him and made ready to catch it. He tossed her the remnant of a tortilla without looking at her. That was all she ever seemed to get from the man, that and the odor of the food.

Later, when Tom had a chance, he took some food to her. She took it distrustfully and made Tom feel guilty. He did not like feeding another man's dog and he did not like anyone feeding his dog. He would not want Manuel to think he was trying to make Mariposa switch loyalties. He quit worrying about it when he saw she did not think any more of him because he gave her food. She ate the scraps Tom gave her, but she looked him over carefully before she allowed herself to pick them up. She would not take them from his hand.

Tom was buying the cattle from Juan Vogel. The Vogel *vaqueros* were bringing cattle from a holding pasture into the corrals at El Limon, a camp located in rough mountain and canyon country. The cattle were being branded, castrated and vaccinated for Tom. They were *corriente*, native, bulls over three years old. At the end of that summer, Tom planned to drive them to the railroad and export them to the States.

Manuel and his dogs had been working outside this pasture on a general roundup of the Vogel ranch. He was finished out there now and he brought his dogs to El Limon to help bring in a remnant of cattle that had been getting away each time a drive was made. These remaining cattle were the craftiest of all the *partida* that Tom wanted to brand. They had been successfully resisting the change of ownership. They had been started toward the corrals and the knives and the branding fires with other cattle every morning, but had managed to disappear before they got to the corrals.

The *vaqueros* worked afoot in that steep, rocky, brushy country. They wore *guaraches* made of strips of tire tread tied to their feet with leather thongs. Their bare, stubby feet were tough as a horse's hooves. A man on horseback could not keep the wily cattle together in that rough country. The bulls could go too many places that a man on horseback could not go. All they had to do to escape being gathered was take a path where a horse would not have good footing, or slip into brush where a man on a horse could not follow.

The *serranos*, the men who lived and worked in the Sierra Madre, could go anyplace afoot a bull could go, and many places he could not go. They did a good job of keeping cattle once they found them, but the wildest bulls often escaped by hiding quietly a few steps away, or by running over steep ground where they could use their strength and speed and momentum to get away.

The cattle the *vaqueros* were gathering at El Limon were practiced at getting away. They never made any mad downhill rushes on their own. They just watched for a place where two or three steps would get them out of the jurisdiction of the *vaqueros*.

Down in the camp, Tom and Manuel were waiting for the first bunch of cattle the *vaqueros* were bringing in that morning. The sun was striking the top of the hill where the cattle would first appear. The descent to the corrals from the top of the hill was steep. The *vaqueros* had to stay above the cattle and drive them down off the hill into a canyon below the corrals and then uphill again to the corrals. The drive from the top of the hill to camp was over half a mile because the cattle had to cross the canyon. The line of sight that Tom and Manuel had from the camp to the top of the hill was only half that far.

Two big, spotted bulls, the first to show on the drive, appeared in the sun at the top of the hill. They walked over the crest and started down. They ambled, rocking back and forth slowly on their front legs, barely gaining ground down the hill. They stopped before entering the shade that the morning sun had not reached. They sunned themselves and

waited. They listened for the other cattle on the drive behind them. Then they turned and walked calmly together into the brush. From camp Tom could see only the fine, white brushes at the ends of their tails with the sun glowing through them. They did not move.

More cattle came over the hill, walking almost as lazily as the first two. The *vaqueros* came behind them at a trot, working hard to keep them together. A *vaquero* would drive a bull a few steps and then have to leave him to go move another. The bull would stop and wait to be driven again, hoping the *vaquero* would go far enough away and become so busy that the bull could slip away and hide. He did not have to go far to escape in that brush, just a few steps into a thicket, like the two spotted bulls had done.

The spotted bulls stood quietly together in the brush waiting for the drive to pass them by. They stood still and sunned themselves under cover. They were making an indolent, leisurely escape.

The *vaqueros* pushed the last of the cattle off the crest and into the shade of the descent. They passed the two spotted bulls. Manuel Anaya shouted to them and told them where they were leaving the two bulls. One man went back to them. The bulls muscled deeper into the brush and disappeared. The cattle the *vaquero* had been driving turned back toward the sunny crest of the hill. They did not want to go to the corrals. The *vaquero* had to leave the two spotted bulls in the brush to head the cattle back off the crest.

"¡OOCHA, OOOCHA, MARIPOSA!" Manuel commanded. The dog sailed to the attack, her pack of lesser dogs following. She fell into the canyon below camp, out of sight. The noise of the pack fell with her, echoing, decreasing. Then she rose like an arrow through the brush on the other side of the canyon, leaving the pack behind. She went to the *vaqueros* on the hill. The two bulls had come back in sight and were moving fast toward the top of the hill. Mariposa overtook them just as they reached the crest. She rushed to the front of them, but they charged around her, hooking their big horns at her. She got back in front of them and was snapping at their noses when they forced her on over the crest and out of sight. The pack went yapping after her.

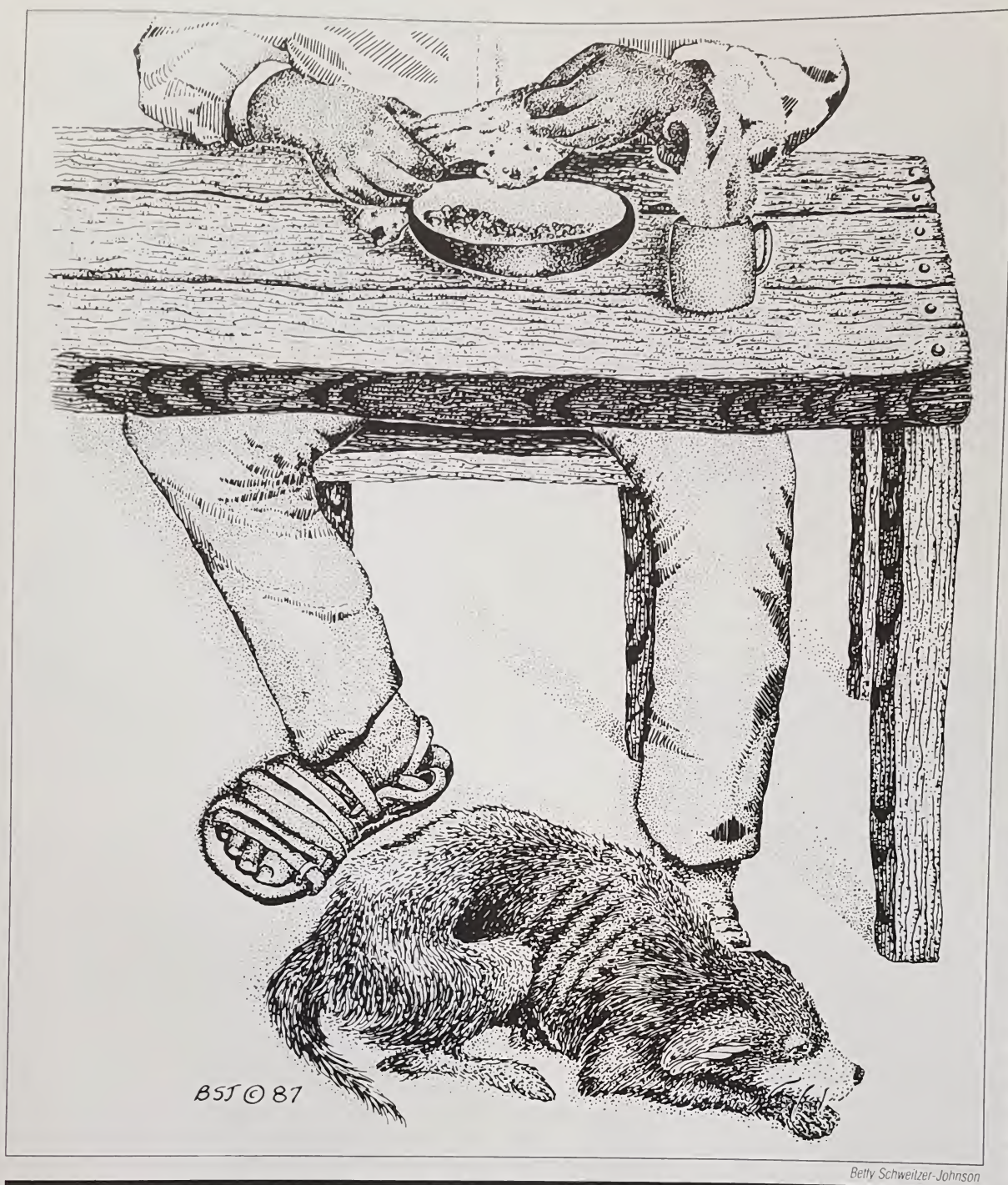
The *vaqueros* drove the rest of the cattle into the canyon and started pressing them to climb up to the corrals. The leaders lined up the narrow trail until they could see the gate and then balked, turned back, faced downhill, and hooked at the cattle that were still trying to climb out.

The Mariposa dog and her pack came back over the top of the hill with the two spotted bulls. The bulls were now completely intimidated. They flew down the hill and dove pell-mell into the herd in the canyon, hunting friends. They were in need of consolation. Mariposa had made them want to be back in the fold. They stood and looked back at her from the safety and anonymity of the herd and heaved with the excitement she had caused in singling them out.

Mariposa and her pack got behind the herd and ran it quickly up the hill and into the corrals. She nipped heels right up to the gate. The cattle were glad to make it into the corrals and be rid of her. They turned and looked at her when she stopped at the gate. She turned away from them and walked slowly to her shade by the building to lie down and pant herself out and rest.

The Mariposa helped finish the work at El Limon, then Manuel took her home. Tom Coyle saw her now and then at Trigo, the headquarters of the ranch where Manuel and his family lived. Tom always looked for her at Manuel's and if he did not see her he asked about her.





*Mariposa watched the faces of Tom and Manuel as they talked. Then, when she had not heard her name mentioned for awhile, she lay down under the table to rest.*

Once he rode up to Manuel's house and found him scraping an ocelot hide on a table. The dog was standing under the table watching Manuel work. Now and then she moved up to smell the edge of the hide. She would sniff it and look straight into Tom's eyes. The color, markings, and texture of the fur were unblemished. The hide had belonged to a *gato tigrillo* in his prime and would bring a good payday to Manuel. The cat was a foot and a half longer from nose to tail than the dog.

Manuel told Tom the Mariposa had caught the ocelot for him and had suffered no injury in the fight. Manuel had been crossing the stream at Tegaraco when the dog jumped the cat in the brush. She ran him through the water toward Manuel and he almost collided with Manuel. She cornered him under a cliff on fine scree. He lost his footing in the scree, a phenomenon that seldom happens with any cat, and the dog caught him against the wall of the cliff and broke his back. Manuel killed him with a rock.

Mariposa watched the faces of Tom and Manuel

as they talked. Then, when she had not heard her name mentioned for awhile, she lay down under the table to rest.

A year later Tom rode into José Anaya's camp at Tecoyagui with a party of hunters. José was Manuel's son. Tom had been leading the hunters through the brush in twilight for the past half hour. He had taken them on too big a circle that day, their last day of hunting, and they had tired on him. The lamplight of the house at Tecoyagui was not a welcome sight to Tom. The lamplight meant it was too late to be arriving at Tecoyagui. José's camp was at the foot of a high trail Tom's hunters would have to ride before they could make their own camp. Tom had sent their beds and provision too far up the trail that morning. They would have to camp somewhere without beds and provision and Tom did not want to impose on José. Tom would not miss the provision. The hunters had packed too much belly comfort on the mules to suit him, but he was sorry he had exhausted them so they were stopping at Tecoyagui.

When he dismounted to open the gate into the yard at José's, Tom saw the shape of an animal hanging in the darkness from a limb of a mesquite over his head. It hung absolutely still, straight down from the limb.

The hunters rode past him through the gate. Not one of them noticed the figure hanging there. Tom noticed it because it was ominously familiar, but its stillness was so absolute and it was so close by the place a man had to stand to open the gate, that he could not believe what he was seeing.

Tom ducked under it and closed the gate and then walked around it, leading his horse, so he could see it better on the side where the lamplight touched it. He saw it was a little black and tan dog hanging rigidly by a wire around its neck. The nose pointed sharply straight up the wire. The tail pointed straight down in line with the wire. All that was left of the dog now depended on a wire stretched tight in the dark, touched by lamplight, at the bottom of a canyon in the Sierra Madre. Not a breeze stirred it.

Tom led his horse to the house. The hunters were lowering themselves stiffly from their saddles. Tom decided they would have to stay the night there.

José Anaya came smiling to him.

"Come in to the coffee, Tomás," José said. "Tell your friends."

"How is it with you, José?" Tom asked.

"Mucho piojo. Much lice. Much ruin," said José, smiling, and he made the gesture of cracking a louse between his thumbnails. That meant he was suffering hard times. "But we'll make it unless the rains are late again. We've lost many cattle from hunger and drouth, though."

"We saw no game, either. Not even a track. *Menos mal*. Let the poor things live, if they can."

José handed Tom a cup of black coffee. Tom wondered how many times José's woman had re-boiled the grounds. It was a big sacrifice for this family to give away its coffee. Tom would be leading the hunters out of the Sierra the next day. The grouchy hunters were headed back to their land of plenty without having killed anything in the Sierra Madre. He would lighten the packs on the mules and send some famously advertised canned goods back to José. He would appreciate them more than anyone in North America, even though he had certainly never heard their famous names.

Tom squatted on his heels and sipped his coffee. José began unsaddling his horse for him. "You will stay the night, won't you?" José asked gently. "You have to. These men can't ride that bad trail. The night is too dark for anyone to travel now."

José laid Tom's saddle down on its side, slipped the bridle onto his horse's neck so he could eat, and poured him a measure of corn on the ground.

"What happened to the dog?" Tom asked.

"We caught her in the provisions."

Tom said nothing.

"She was a good dog," José said.

Tom sipped his coffee.

"You remember my father's dog, the Mariposa?"

Tom could not answer. Be careful, he thought. Keep your *gringo* mouth shut. He knows how much you liked her. Still, why in the hell? That good little dog.

"She alighted on the wrong flower," José said. He tried to smile, as if for the pleasure of a small joke between friends.

*J.P.S. Brown is a Tucson author. His first book, Jim Kane, later became "Pocket Money," a movie starring Lee Marvin. This episode, previously unpublished, is from the original manuscript of the book.*





Colonia Solana's water tower.

# COLONIA SOLANA

*You might look at it and see just a quiet, rich neighborhood. Or you might find The Road Not Taken.*

By Susan Day

Photography by Chris Mooney

I like to think that Colonia Solana began as part of a love story. In 1907 Thomas Brown, a newspaperman from back East, came to Tucson to save the life of his wife, who had tuberculosis. Mr. Brown placed Mrs. Brown in a sanatorium on a rise way east of what was then a town of 10,000 people. There weren't roads to get there, just winding trails crossing arroyos and desert from the Southern Pacific railroad tracks, but Mr. Brown made the rough buggy ride daily to visit his ailing wife.

After some time he began looking for a place to live close by. It's possible that he was just hoping to shorten those mean buggy rides. But the way a romantic would figure it, Mr. B loved Mrs. B a lot. He wanted to be near his wife, and since there wasn't even the hint of a house in the vicinity, he decided to build his own. He started looking for land.





Dr. Roger Conant enjoys birdwatching and says he has spotted 110 species along the wash over the years.



The closest land was a government-owned section south across the road from the sanatorium. Brown asked to build there. The Federal Government wasn't interested in leasing dribs and drabs of land, but under the Homestead Act it would lease 160 acres. Brown promptly took advantage of the nominal leasing fee on a quarter section, built a little house in the desert, and moved in.

For three years the newspaperman lived in self-imposed exile. For three years he walked back and forth across the road to visit his wife. In 1910 the doctors pronounced her cured, and the Browns vanished. There's no record that either of the Browns ever returned to Tucson.

The dirt road that Brown crossed for his daily visits would become Broadway Boulevard. The sanatorium and its surrounding property would become the grand El Conquistador Tourist Hotel, which in turn would be razed for El Con Mall. The rest of the section across the road would be bought by Willis Barnum, a homebuilder and golf enthusiast, at the city's behest so it could finagle a long-term purchase agreement for a golf course and park. (The city

couldn't afford to buy it outright.) The new municipal green would be big, but it would be an odd "L" shape, only three-quarters of a section. Eighteen years before, the northwest corner had been cut out by a man in love with his wife. Thomas Brown's acres would become the Colonia Solana neighborhood.

Harry E. Heighton and his daughter Dorothy had moved into Brown's house in 1910 and assumed his lease. Six years later, Paul H.M. Brinton, a chemistry professor at the University of Arizona, picked up the lease for everything but the Brown house and the two acres surrounding it. Two years after that, when the professor decided to buy the scruffy desert land for three dollars an acre, his friends tried to talk him out of it.

Everybody knew that the city was growing south and steadily moving across the Santa Cruz River. Brinton's friends reasoned that Tucson couldn't grow east because it couldn't cross the railroad tracks. There the professor would be, marooned on those empty acres that didn't even have a saguaro to tip his hat to, with the city extending in the opposite direction. Besides, he was paying too much for it.

It looks like Brinton was as determined as Brown. He bought the property. Eight years later the professor sold his 158 acres to Harry F. Bryant's fledgling Country Club Realty for \$40,000. Tucson would have its first suburban subdivision. And Brown's house and its two acres, still owned by Heighton, would become a thorn in the side of that neighborhood to the south.

Dr. Henry Hill and his wife Louise today live in an old home with high ceilings and wood floors in Colonia Solana. While Dr. Hill has been challenging Einstein's theories down at the university and her son Henry, Jr., has been painting in his studio out back, Louise Hill has been compiling the history of the neighborhood. It isn't just for her own amusement.

"When our fifty-year deed restrictions began to run out we were besieged with plans for development," she says. "Luckily we had a sympathetic city council, and the people at planning and zoning helped us a lot." Louise Hill has a quiet manner. She laughs easily, if ruefully. "It seemed a matter of time and then the developers would be back." Development incompatible with the neighborhood already had a toehold on the two Brown





acres: the Western Savings branch arcing around the corner at Broadway and Randolph, and a cluster of apartments behind it.

After Dorothy Heighten Munro ended her days there in 1965, the Brown property had been sold. Robert Stubbs, a Tucson lawyer who represented the new owners, remembers what happened. "Those two acres in the northeast corner of Colonia Solana were never subject to the deed restrictions," he says. But the land was zoned for family residences and the neighborhood fought to keep the zoning. When the city council backed the neighborhood, Stubbs sued. He won.

Louise Hill knows that neighborhoods around the country, nervous about extinction, have managed to save themselves by being placed in the sheltering arms of the National Trust for Historic Preservation. She decided to apply for Colonia Solana. Later Eloise David, who has lived in the neighborhood for ten years, helped her.

Now it looks like the neighborhood is a good candidate for the Trust. The Arizona State Parks Board has approved the application, and an architect is surveying it with the help of a federal grant. The subdivision is a candidate not simply because it

boasts homes designed by several of the most important architects in Tucson's history—Josias T. Joesler, Henrik Jaastad, Roy Place, Gordon Maas Luepke, Arthur T. Brown and M. H. Starkweather—but because of its landscape design. The hopes for the neighborhood are coming true because of two men.

The first man came all the way from San Francisco to design Colonia Solana. He would see the Sonoran Desert differently than any planner or designer had, and few have since—with love. His name was Stephen Child.

The second man came all the way from Barrio Libre to live in Colonia Solana. He would grow to love the neighborhood and would end up saving a big chunk of it. His name is Mario Yrun.

When Bryant began planning Tucson's first suburban subdivision, he had a problem. The land had no particular attractions, and it was way out on the eastern edge of town. For a development out there in the boon-docks to succeed, it had to have some distinctive feature. Bryant wasn't sure what he wanted, although he knew what he didn't want. He didn't want the straight streets and postage-stamp lots that had gridironed the desert be-



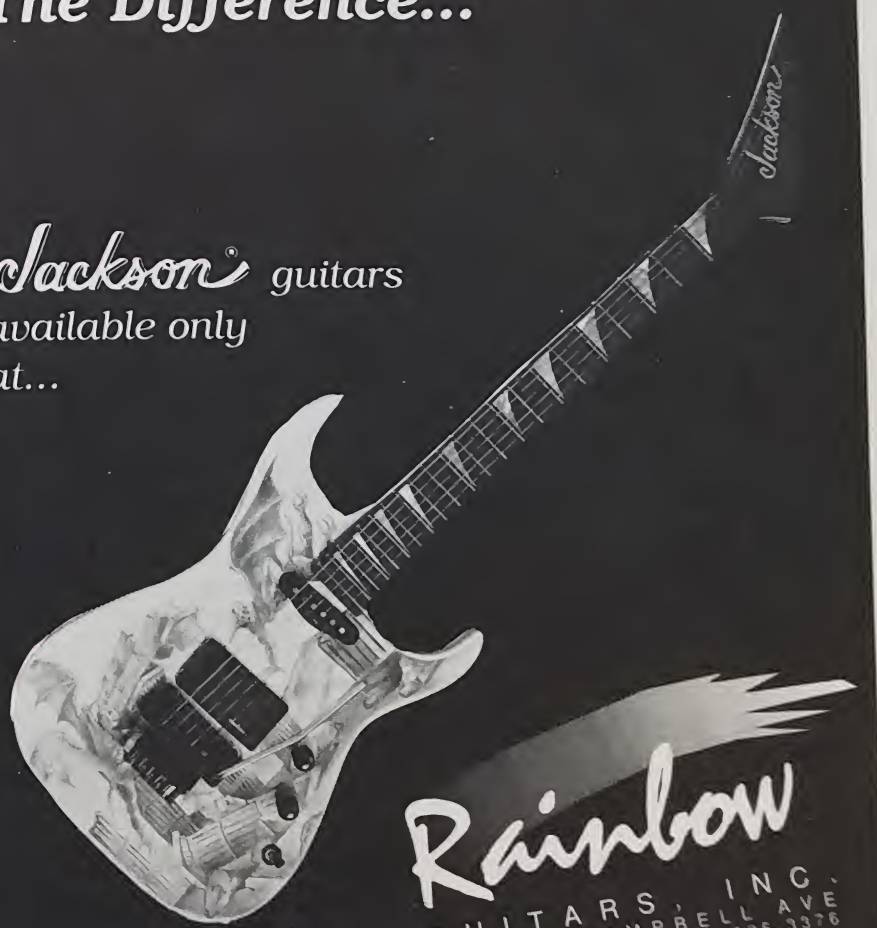
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tween the railroad tracks and Country Club Road. So in 1928 he hired Child, a landscape architect and city planner from San Francisco, to come look over his swatch of desert and come up with something "interesting and beautiful—different from what had been done heretofore hereabout."

What Stephen Child thought when he first glimpsed Harry Bryant's purchase can only be guessed. He'd grown up in lush, green New England, and had designed lush, green estates in Northern California, and many people of that background would have begun, "Oh my God...." This land was almost perfectly flat and remarkably barren. A few greasewood grew among one middling wash and two smaller ones. Child would have noticed the big, black water tower by Brown's old house. The tower furnished the water for the El Conquistador through a pipeline that ran under Broadway. That would've told Child he had plenty of water to design a conventional lush, green subdivision.

The landscape architect studied

agreeable sensation one has when riding the surf at Waikiki." Was Stephen Child a romantic or what? He named the subdivision "Colonia Solana," or "Sunny Colony," and called the lots "villa sites." When he finished, he returned to California, perhaps not realizing the significance of the legacy he left behind.

Now Bryant had a solution to his problem and a name for his development. Country Club Realty began to advertise "villa sites" in Colonia Solana. Each home or villa had to cost at least \$10,000 and the desert landscaping had to be retained, even checked out by a jury. Interestingly, Child's report doesn't mention palm trees, but Bryant bought a flock of them and talked the city into digging holes for the planting.

Country Club Realty began to have some fun with Colonia Solana. They got various Tucson contractors to get together and jointly construct a model home under a huge tent. Gushed a real estate newsletter: "on the opening night and subsequent

*A lot of people thought it was a church until they looked at the weather vane, which profiled an old prospector and burro.*

the land and then started breaking rules. There wasn't a single straight line in his plan for the subdivision. Child knew everybody graded, but he refused. He decided the principal wash, which he affectionately named "Arroyo Chico," should be celebrated—not filled in, diverted, piped underground, clad in concrete or any of the other strategies a booming Tucson later employed to manage its usually dry riverbeds. He set aside a strip seventy-five feet wide for a half mile on either side of it and sent two men out of town in a truck to collect more native desert trees, shrubs and cacti to plant in the strip, much more densely than they grow naturally. In 1928 he wrote an article for *Landscape Architecture* magazine explaining his vision: "This whole strip...will be literally covered with desert growth. Those who live alongside this park will have in front of their doors the desert beauty many now ride miles to see.... It is believed that when completed, many will ride miles to see this park."

Stephen Child even refused to use culverts where the narrow paved streets had to cross Arroyo Chico. Child had noticed that out in the country, roads were allowed to dip down and through the washes. He called these crossings "Arizona Dips," and used them in his plan, "disturbing the desert conditions as little as possible." He described the drive through his "Arizona Dips" as having "no uncomfortable jounce, but rather the very

nights thousands of people jammed the tent to view the home beautiful."

One of the first builders to give the new development a try was George B. Echols. The spec home he built was so impressive he named it "El Deseo Real," The Royal Desire. It was a two-story Spanish Colonial Revival mansion, and it is still the most impressive house in the neighborhood.

It would be nice to report that all went well for the daring Harry Bryant and his Sunny Colony, and that The Royal Desire found a happy buyer, but by this time it was 1929. The crash came and wiped Bryant out. El Deseo Real wouldn't find an owner for ten long years.

The man who picked up the pieces was Martin Schwerin, an independent sort who'd sailed to South Africa at the age of seventeen to work as a mechanic in the De Beers mines. He explored Africa on foot and camped within earshot of roaring lions, and later prospected for gold in Colombia and Brazil. He'd had plenty of adventures and had taken risks before. He picked up most of the leases from Country Club Realty.

Arthur T. Brown, who with his partner Richard A. Morse, designed the Schwerin home in Colonia Solana in 1930, remembers him. "Martin Schwerin was a fair man, but he was sharp. He'd seen lots of people lose their leases for back taxes. That wasn't going to happen to him."

Schwerin didn't want to spend on irrigation, nor was he obsessed with



"improvements." Under his stewardship Bryant's palms didn't fare very well, but Child's desert flourished and the wildlife multiplied. By all accounts Schwerin didn't think much of rules and regulations. Residents who didn't want to be told how many gardeners to employ, who wanted privacy and didn't want to be told what to do trickled into Colonia Solana.

Some of the rules remained, however. After Brown designed the Schwerin house he became the approving architect for Colonia Solana, a position he held for more than thirty years. "Long enough to be threatened to be sued a lot," he says. His fingers trace the houses on the old subdivision plot plan and the homes rise up before his eyes. "You can't fault us for the small rooms," he says. "We had the Depression and the war. Anything but the minimum just didn't seem right." A dizzying number of Tucson's finest architects wrestled with giving people luxury on relatively modest budgets.

"There's the Eastman house," says Brown, tapping the page. He sees more than the house Richard Eastman designed; he sees the architect. "Dick Eastman was a big man. Handsome. Very hard of hearing. Said it ruined every love affair he ever had. Wonderful architect. Most complete plans you ever saw. Every bolt and screw. He planned everything. One day he drove himself to the hospital. They asked him, 'What are you doing here?' 'I came to die,' he said. And a day or two later, he did. Dick Eastman planned everything."

Henrik O. Jaastad, Tucson's mayor for seven consecutive terms, epitomized the American Dream. He'd immigrated from Norway with his family when he was thirteen. He came to Tucson as a journeyman carpenter, a craft he'd learned from his father, and started working in the building trade. But the young man, who had only had a scrap of formal education, had design ideas, so he took a correspondence course in architecture.

Jaastad would go on to design some of the best-loved public buildings in Tucson—the facade of San Agustin Cathedral, Safford Elementary School, the Greek Revival church at University and Euclid that became a bar, then a charred hulk, and now a memory. Jaastad designed three or four homes in Colonia Solana.

Brown's finger taps the plot plan again. The George Rosenberg house he designed himself, with its glass solar wall. It has been written up countless times, cited as a pathfinding solar design. Brown, still a practicing architect at the age of eighty-five, denies he brought solar design to Tucson. "The Indians thought of it first," he declares. "All their doorways always face south."

In the mid-thirties, developer John W. Murphey picked up a few lots

in Colonia Solana, and with his favorite architect, Josias Joesler, tried to lure fellow Tucsonans into country living. People liked the Joesler homes but balked at living in the shadow of an ugly old water tower. Murphey couldn't move the tower, but he could have a new, full-length disguise slipped over it.

The Spanish Colonial cover-up that soon was built was lovely. No one would know from looking at it that it hid a workaday water tower. A lot of people thought it was a church until they looked at the weather vane, which profiled an old prospector and burro.

Some newspaper reports credited

Joesler with designing the tower and weathervane, but did he? Sara Gresham Perper, who a few years ago compiled a collection of Tucson architectural archives at UA, discovered a drawing of a water tower very much like this, and it was signed by architect Roy Place.

Whoever spiffed up the tower apparently did it right; more families soon bought into Colonia Solana. In 1938 El Deseo was sold. The family that bought it succeeded in blowing away the last of the Depression dust that had settled into Colonia Solana by substituting stardust—the kind made in Hollywood. Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Z. Loew and their two children, Jane and

Arthur Jr., moved into El Deseo Real. Arthur Loew's father had founded MGM, and he was a vice president.

Celebrities or not, most of the people moving into the neighborhood cherished their privacy and had an independent streak. Francis Crabel, who still lives there, was one of them.

Dorothy Crabel Lamb says, "Mother was such a good shot Dad made her use a .22. After we moved from Prescott to Colonia Solana in 1940, Mother used to stand on the front doorstep of our home and bring down a rabbit or quail, skin it or dress it and cook it for dinner."

The Crabels also kept chickens. "When the other neighbors started

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planting shrubs and trees I was embarrassed at the sticks in the ground my mother was planting," Lamb continues. "But she fed them the nitrogen from our chickens and those trees are enormous now." Judge Richard Hannah and lots of other neighbors also kept farm animals. The Armet family still does.

David and Maggie Armet and their four children live in the shadow of the water tower now, but it isn't new to Maggie. She grew up in Colonia Solana. She hadn't intended to return to the old neighborhood to live. She and her husband wanted a home in the country and spent over a year looking for one. They kept coming back to the neighborhood to visit her mother, however, and one day saw a "for sale" sign. Before they knew it, they had moved in. Maggie laughs easily at the efforts she and David made to find a bit of country when it was under their noses all along.

Now their children have chickens to feed, great mesquite trees to climb and an arroyo to explore. It's the same

growl, got to hear lions roar until his death at ninety-five in 1968.

One night a zoo lion escaped into Colonia Solana. Police and their helicopters discovered the animal in Mrs. Van Atta's back patio. But mostly it's fugitive birds.

"The neighbors are used to seeing exotic birds up in their trees," says young Henry Hill. "We get lots of parrots, but one time we had a vulture who'd escaped from the Desert Museum. A Harris hawk sits on an old eucalyptus tree every day. He knows there's plenty of rabbits."

It's no question that animals choose Colonia Solana. Thirty-seven species of wild birds, not counting the runaways from the zoo, inhabit the neighborhood, mostly in the area along Arroyo Chico. Aside from the rabbits, residents have spotted raccoon, squirrel, badger and even two coyotes who took the wash trail in from the desert during a bad drought a few years ago. Child couldn't have foreseen it, but Tucson's phenomenal growth—the paving we often la-

*His two goats, Marshmallow and Oreo, keep his twenty-five tortoises company.*

arroyo Maggie loved as a child.

Maggie's blue eyes shine as she talks about going to the park and the zoo with her sisters and brother, listening to evening concerts at the bandshell. "All of that was nice, but the arroyo...." Her eyes take on a faraway look. "We played in Arroyo Chico all the time. We had forts and caves. We'd bring home tadpoles and keep them until they turned into little frogs."

The people of Colonia Solana are crazy about animals, from tadpoles to tigers. One resident who could make a bundle refuses to sell the vacant lot next to his house and keeps it as a wildlife preserve. Another resident walks his big dog and his goat early in the morning.

Tom Van Atta, who grew up in the neighborhood and returned home with a family of his own when his parents died, doesn't think having a goat is unusual. His two goats, Marshmallow and Oreo, keep his twenty-five tortoises company.

Jane Schwerin, Martin Schwerin's daughter, is an avid animal lover who spends a lot of time working in their behalf. Arthur Brown remembers walking with her over to Reid Park Zoo. "Jane reached in and patted the tiger on the head. She knew the animal personally."

You can't see the zoo from Colonia Solana, but you can hear it. For a long time Mary Jo Yrun would jump at the elephant's trumpet fanfares when she was out hanging up clothes. Margin Schwerin, the old adventurer, who in his youth had listened to lions

ment—actually has enhanced the periodic water flow in Arroyo Chico, as runoff from miles around makes its way into the creek and then fans out along the 150-foot-wide bosque. The water has nourished an ecosystem that can only be called lush and green—and alive. A nearby resident who has surveyed the riparian strip has found it is home to about 100 kinds of plants and at least 37 species of birds.

All the wildlife is important to the residents of Colonia Solana. They know it couldn't exist without the dense desert landscape. It's why they felt fierce when they almost lost it.

Mario R. Yrun points to the gray-ing boards of his children's treehouse in the old mesquite north of his patio fence. He remembers when he and his wife built their home here twenty-seven years ago.

"Before I went into real estate by myself I used to work at the *Tucson Citizen*. My old buddies from the newspaper would stop by and see how the house we were building was progressing," says Yrun. "They'd say, 'Mario, you're right across the street from the ball park. Those lights are going to bother you.'"

Yrun laughs a full, rich laugh. "I'd say, 'Those lights are too far from Meyer Street to bother me.'"

Yrun's father died when he was six months old. To support her three sons his mother opened a little grocery store called "Las Cuatro Esquinas." ("The Four Corners") down in the barrio near where they lived on Convent Street. "My brother Oscar used to bi-



cycle me over to the Presidio Hotel and park me there to sell newspapers all day. I couldn't speak any English but I could make change."

Yrun continued to work with newspapers for years, eight hours a day, seven days a week at the *Tucson Citizen*, as everything from copy boy to sportswriter. He and his family had lived in Colonia Solana about fifteen years when an incident happened that's never been explained.

"Very early, around 6:30 one summer morning, I heard a terrific racket. It woke me up," he recalls. "I ran outside to see what was going on. There was a dump truck and a couple of bulldozers. They were knocking down the mesquite trees along Arroyo Chico." Yrun's hands slash the air.

"A Mexican kid I thought I recognized was driving one of the bulldozers. I ran over and stood in front of this bulldozer and yelled up to the guy, 'What're you doing? Cut that out!' When he told me he was going to clear out all the desert along Arroyo Chico I talked to him in my best barrio Spanish. I told him there must be some mistake. He didn't think so, but I persuaded him to wait until I checked.

"As luck would have it, I got hold of Mark Keene down at the Department of Public Works. He and I were in the service together. He listened to me and called the bulldozers off until the residents could have some input. It was luck." And pluck.

Stephen Child wouldn't understand a city that wanted to mow down his "parque," as he quaintly termed it, but he'd be grateful to Mario Yrun and all the others who defended it. He'd probably call them "gladiators."

In 1978, when the old prospector weather vane got loose and rickety, the city took it down and then said they didn't want to put it back. Frank Brooks, director of Tucson Water, said it wasn't fair for the citizens of Tucson to have to pay for the maintenance of the man and his mule. Then the city said they'd sell the old tower outright. Jeff Hampton, a local realtor, said he'd buy it, renovate it and live in it.

A great hue and cry arose from the Sunny Colony. They didn't want to lose the prospector and they also didn't want anyone living in it, peering into their back yards. In a hands-across-Broadway effort, an engineer living in El Encanto rebuilt the weather vane and promised it would last for 200 years. Then the neighborhood managed to place the tower in the National Register for Historic Places. The city still owns it, and the tower is protected, apparently for good.

Colonia Solana today still is composed of professional people. Family people. It is not a life-in-the-fast-lane neighborhood. It is not ostentatious, although it can't be said that the houses are cheap. Nor is it filled with retirees.

As former Mayor Lew Murphy, a

twenty-year resident, puts it: "It seems to go in fifteen-year cycles. The old folks die or move away and a new batch of young folks moves in." He and his wife, Carol, moved in with their youngsters during such a cycle just after their tenth wedding anniversary.

It contrasts vividly with the two other old in-town neighborhoods to the north and northwest, El Encanto and Sam Hughes. El Encanto is formal, proper, obsessed with prestige—a showplace. It's hard to imagine anyone tending chickens there. Sam Hughes is tweedy, professorial, self-consciously liberal. It's hard to imagine a "Keep Mechem" bumper sticker

there. Both these neighborhoods are more conventional than Colonia Solana, however, with their tended lawns, fences and neat rows of street trees.

"It's great to work in town and live in the country, which is what Colonia Solana feels like," says Murphy. "We love the sense of space. We love living with quail and dove in our front yard.

One of the things about Colonia Solana is it's almost unmaintained. Even if things look a little seedy, it's OK. It all sorta blends in. A few lawns have crept in through the years, but more and more (neighbors) are going back to the desert. Saving water." He

chuckles, sounding pleased.

Why wasn't the whole city developed like this?

A friend of mine says that whenever he thinks about Colonia Solana he thinks of The Road Not Taken. I think that's profound. For just under sixty years it's been there telling our fellow citizens, our planners and developers about another way to go, a way that praises the desert and honors its wildlife.

Good neighborhoods have stories to tell. Great neighborhoods also can teach. □

*Susan Day is a Tucson writer and a confessed nut about neighborhoods.*

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## OUTDOORS

# BIG BIRD COMES TO WILLCOX

*Down at the playa, the snowbirds are restless.*

BY DAVID E. BROWN



To witness a flight of cranes is to return to the Pleistocene. Their sure and steady flight, their creaky calls, but above all their enormous size, suggesting an era when the sky was clotted with unfathomable creatures, cannot help but make even a casual observer feel he is watching through a window into prehistoric times.

The time and place to see cranes is in winter, when the big birds leave their nighttime roosts to forage afield. The largest concentration of cranes in southern Arizona roosts on Willcox Playa, less than two hours' drive from Tucson.

Visualize the roost: wet salt flats surrounded by stark dunes that reflect even the meager starlight of a moonless winter night. It is bitter cold and the faint burnt haze in the east holds no immediate promise of warmth. Coyotes wail in the distance, and overhead, the whistle of multiple wings accompanied by quacks and peeps announces the return of mallards and pintails to the playa after a night of gorging in the grainfields. A changing

of the guard is in progress.

By 6:30 a.m. there is enough light to see. The cranes, some faintly visible in the distance, begin their dawn chorus—a gathering crescendo of throaty creaks and gurgles. As the symphony becomes pandemonium, flocks begin taking to the air. Some of the aggregations are small: family groups of three or four. Other flocks comprise forty to fifty birds or more.

Soon whole squadrons are rising from the ancient lake bed, calling incessantly as they wheel to form ragged chevrons over the horizon. The soft swish of huge wings passes softly overhead. There are literally thousands of cranes, stacked up in waves, looking like the prehistoric creatures they are, winging off on some sinister mission. Their only purpose, however, is to stoke up on waste grain from cornfields already harvested.

At 7:10 the flight reaches its peak. It's now apparent that the birds come in two sizes. The larger, lighter-colored ones are the greater sandhill cranes, birds that nested in Idaho, Montana, and other Great Basin states.



## OUTDOORS

These giants weigh between ten and fifteen pounds and boast a wingspan of up to seven feet. The smaller editions are the under-nine-pound "lesser sandhills," colloquially called "little brown cranes."

When the sun climbs over the Dos Cabezas Mountains, the spectacle is over. The cranes are in the fields. It is not yet 8 a.m.

Such was not always so. Only stragglers from the big flocks wintering in Chihuahua, Mexico, visited southeast Arizona prior to 1900. With the settlement of the cranes' nesting grounds in the Plains and the Great Basin, even this token contingent disappeared. Homesteading farmers killed the adults and gathered the eggs for food. By World War II sandhill cranes were virtually unknown in Arizona. No one remembered that the big birds once nested in the White Mountains and at Mormon Lake.

As subsistence farming declined throughout the West, the slowly reproducing cranes' numbers recov-

that persist find grain prices too low to pay the pumping costs. Many fields lie fallow and more soon will be.

Not even the playa can be taken for granted. A prolonged drought such as those of the 1950s and early 1970s would dessicate the cranes' roost areas—a habitat requirement as essential as a place to eat. The same high costs that squeeze the farmers could cause Arizona Game & Fish Department to abandon the Willcox wildlife area. Such a move would be favorably received by those farmers who object to raising water and weeds for birds.

What's needed is either an expanded wildlife area or a National Wildlife Refuge. Cranes are, after all, a migratory bird and a federal responsibility. One or two sections of farmland and enough water to irrigate a small portion of the playa in dry years would suffice to fuel cranes against the cold and assure them of a protected roost. Because cranes prefer harvested fields to standing crops, most of the farmland could be share-

### Homesteading farmers killed the adults and gathered the eggs for food.

ered. Sanctuaries along the Rio Grande, especially Bosque del Apache National Wildlife Refuge, short-stopped Mexico-bound cranes. By the mid-1960s, tens of thousands of cranes were wintering in New Mexico. Once again, a few spilled over into Arizona.

North and south of Willcox, Sulphur Springs Valley was undergoing transformation. Ground water pumps reclaimed old homesteads and opened up new farmland. Grains, first winter wheat, then maize, and later corn, became available to feed more and more cranes. Willcox Playa was the perfect roost: it allowed the cranes unrestricted visibility, had just enough water in most winters to let them keep their feet wet, and was bordered by dunes that shielded them from the wind. They aren't called sandhill cranes for nothing.

The number of cranes increased dramatically through the 1970s: from about 850 birds in 1970 to more than 8,500 by 1980. To assure a wet roost site, the Arizona Game and Fish Department put in a well and dug a ditch to carry water to the playa. Today, Sulphur Springs Valley is the winter home for more than 10,000 sandhills.

Despite their present numbers, the future of these snowbirds is precarious. Ground water pumping is lowering the water table and agriculture is on the way out. Those farmers

cropped—a benefit to local farmers as well as the birds.

The costs should be inconsequential. Abandoned farmland is relatively inexpensive, and the playa is a former bombing range and federal land already. Bosque del Apache in New Mexico has more cranes than can now be properly accommodated. Another refuge would be as good for Willcox as Bosque is to Socorro.

"Nature is our biggest tourist draw," says Mary Lou Young of the Willcox Chamber of Commerce. "Birdwatchers and hunters are our most important visitors." Or, as one motel owner told me, "The cranes are about as good of an attraction as we got."

So come see the cranes. The best months are December through February when the big birds are at their maximum numbers. The best viewing depends on whose field the birds are feeding in, but most of the cranes usually leave the playa traveling toward Kansas Settlement. You may want to spend a day scoping out the most advantageous vista. But remember, to see them at their grandest, you'll have to get up early and be cold. That's a basic rule of crane watching. □

Writer David E. Brown recently left the Arizona Game and Fish Department after working there for twenty-six years.

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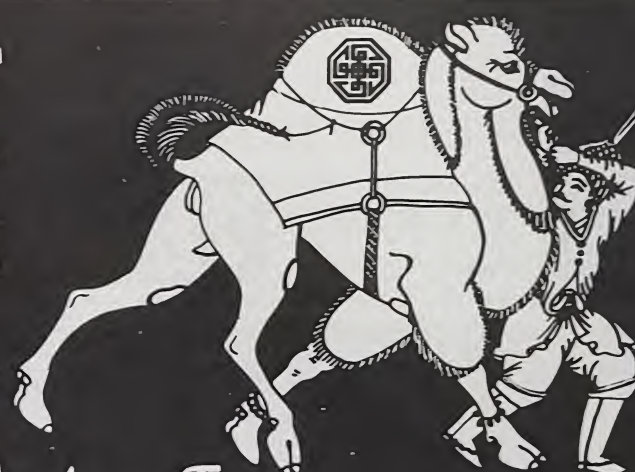
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## LOCAL CUSTOM

# TALES FROM THE CONSTRICTED ROCK

*How I'toi drubbed the nehbig and ho'ok*

BY JIM GRIFFITH



There's a sacred mountain down to the southwest of Tucson. On the maps, it's called Baboquivari—a Spanish mangling of its original O'odham name, *Waw Kiwulik*. I won't try to spell that one phonetically, but it means "constricted rock"—as though, as one O'odham tried to explain it to me, one squeezed a lump of clay, making it go in at the middle and out at each end. Those aren't the only names it has had. Lieutenant Manje of the Spanish Army, who visited the area with Father Kino, called it "Noah's Ark," and at least one Anglo military type in the 1860s called it "Papago Peak." To undocumented aliens using it as a landmark on the walk from Sonora to Central Arizona, it is *El Tambor*—the drum. At least some of the people who enjoy—and even climb—the peak have shortened its name to a familiar "Babo." (Overly familiar, perhaps, considering that every now and then one of these climbers gets killed in an accident.) All good names. But its real name, the name given by the people who have been giving names in this country for

the longest time, is *Waw Kiwulik*—constricted rock. And in a cave on the west side of *Waw Kiwulik* lives I'toi, Elder Brother to the O'odham.

I'toi is a bit difficult to explain. He had a hand in creation, and he also led the People into the *to'hono*—their home—from a place to the east of here, where they emerged from the Underworld. Then he retired to his home on the west side of *Waw Kiwulik*. When he was needed, he was there. For instance, at some point in that past which is so long ago that it is accessible only through oral tradition, a monster of a sort called a *nehbig* was sucking people, crops and whole villages into its mouth in the western part of O'odham country. I'toi was appealed to, and went down into the animal's throat, propping it open with long poles as he went. He cut the *nehbig's* heart out with a stone knife and escaped without injury. Until around the turn of the century an object believed to be the *nehbig's* heart was kept in a cave over near what is now Organ Pipe National Monument. Or take the *ho'ok*, a female mon-



## LOCAL CUSTOM

ster who was conceived after her mother hid a wooden ball under her skirts, one day long ago. The result of this ill-advised action was born with claws and a full set of teeth, and as she grew up, took to killing and eating the other village children. Finally, she was left in the desert to try to find her father, the Sun, whose reflections she could see in the haze to the south of her. Drifting ever southward, she arrived at her new home, a cave in the south end of the Baboquivari mountains.

From there, she began to steal and eat the children of the nearby O'odham village of Pozo Verde—a village later visited by Father Kino, and still occupied, just across the border in Sonora. The villagers, seeing their children disappear, got more and more worried, and finally asked for help—from I'toi. Once again, he saved the People in a time of disaster. The *ho'ok* loved to dance, so I'toi got the villagers to arrange a dance for her. At the dance ground, they gave her special cigarettes to make her sleepy, but kept her dancing for four days and nights. Every time she tried to go home and rest, people would hide in the bushes along the trail and shake their rattles, sounding like rattlesnakes, which the *ho'ok* was particularly scared of. When she finally collapsed and fell asleep, she was carried to her cave, which had been filled with dry wood. The wood was set on fire and the cave entrance sealed against her escape. The *ho'ok* perished in the flames.

The fire-blackened cave is still there, near the border town of Sasabe. And villagers at Pozo Verde know the cleared area surrounded by a rock wall, which is said to be the dance floor where the *ho'ok* was danced into

exhaustion. (There is at least one other site claiming the same fame, near another O'odham village.) The story is still known and retold, by O'odham and local Mexicanos. It's a good story. And, after all, the cave is there for all to see.

Baboquivari and I'toi were in the news again a few years ago, when Secretary of the Interior James Watt wanted to open up a large part of the mountain's slopes to mineral exploration. A deputation of O'odham went to Washington to protest. I'toi lives on that mountain, they told the Feds, and he won't like it. There is no record that the folks at Interior were particularly impressed. It's interesting to note that the current Secretary of the Interior is not James Watt. He resigned shortly after that incident, forced out by what appears to have been an unrelated piece of insensitivity.

The point of all this, of course, is that we are sharing this desert country with some folks who have been here a mighty long time. Long enough to have stories like the ones I just outlined concerning specific places. Long enough to believe that the soil of this particular stretch of country is the specific raw material from which they were created. In a sense, though, we don't really share the country at all—we live in totally different places. Traditionally, they occupy a *tohono*—a stony place, perhaps even a shining place. We live in a desert—an empty place without the capability of supporting people. At least that's what the word tells us. And words—especially names—can be important in determining the way people act and react.

Jim Griffith is director of the Southwest Folklore Center at the University of Arizona.

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## CONTRACT KILLERS

*The bureaucrats' war against Raven and Coyote*

BY BYRD BAYLOR

I write of two crafty supernatural Beings—Coyote and Raven—and of the somewhat less than supernatural state and federal agencies that want to do them in.

But back to the beginning. I mean, of course, the beginning of time when the earth was new and soft and not properly formed, that mysterious time when the tribes of the southwestern deserts and the tribes of the Northwest Coast were beginning to emerge from their various underworlds. In those pre-human eons, Coyote was in the Southwest and Raven was in the Northwest, busily arranging their worlds. (The game management people and the Animal Damage Control agency had not yet been created.)

The early desert people knew Coyote as Trotting Coyote, Changing Coyote, Comrade Coyote, everybody's uncle, a god, sometimes a witch, an animal, a man, the supreme trickster, a creature both scroungy and mystical. Some say he was created right after First Man and First Woman. Some say the moon was his mother. He had the power to stop an enemy by laughing in his face.

About the same time, in the misty Northwest, Raven was known as the Smooth Trickster, the great Transformer. He could change himself into anything he wished. He could make things happen by willing them to be.

Some said he did not need to be created at all.

Consider just a few of the feats of these two:

Coyote planted saguaro cactus by scattering the seeds on the south side of a hill. That's why you see them mostly on the south side of hills today. He lured the buffalo from the far plains to Taos Pueblo by singing so magically that the buffalo followed him, dancing all the way. He brought fire to the people. He didn't care what risks he took. He didn't care how many times he died.

He got tobacco for the people by tricking Sun Bearer's wife into giving him a pouch full of the weed. Sun Bearer always smoked in his turquoise pipe, and though Sun Bearer tried to track him by following the ashes of his cigarettes across the earth, it was too late. Coyote planted the first mesquite seeds. And he hurled the stars haphazardly into the sky. He helped Earth Magician and I'toi mold the first little people out of mud, and he did it laughing and giggling to himself as he worked.

Raven had similar tasks. For starters, he found the first people in a giant clamshell, and he helped them out. He created the world, put the salmon in the rivers. He flew over the land transforming animals into their present shapes. He got rid of cannibal mon-

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## BYRD

sters.

The world was dark because The Magician kept the sun and moon and stars hidden in a great carved chest in his lodge, and Earth Mother wanted light. Raven simply changed himself into a pine needle and floated down unnoticed into the cup from which the Magician's daughter was drinking. Of course, when she gave birth, the baby was Raven himself, disguised as the infant. They gave that baby the moon and stars and sun to play with and all he had to do was change back into his raven shape one night and fly with the Worlds of Light up through the smoke hole of the lodge. The Magician came after him with Fire, and his pure white feathers were burned black, but there was light in the sky. Then the Magician put a curse on him so that he lost his beautiful singing voice and had to croak instead, but nothing could take away his power.

There are hundreds of Coyote stories in the Southwest, hundreds of Raven stories in the Northwest, and they run parallel. Both take pleasure in tricking and both are often tricked. Both are perfect symbols of their environment. Both are high-spirited, both are survivors.

Scientists now are amazed to find that ravens have a complex language and that mating pairs (who mate for life) also have a private language that they use with one another, but old people from the Raven's clan could have told them that. Coyotes have a fine language too, and the desert tribes all used to understand it.

Raven and Coyote both know how to have a good time, both love to play. You'll find coyote tracks that tell you six coyotes played king-of-the-mountain up and down a sandy hill. You'll see ravens playing catch among themselves in the air, dropping and catching a small twig. They like to lie on their backs and juggle some object between feet and beak. And their spectacular aerial acrobatics easily prove them to be the supreme vertebrate flight machine, but they save their best efforts for wild courtship chases and free-falling flights in the open sky.

And Don Coyote, edging through a catclaw thicket, moves as easily as Raven in midair. Coyote trotting is grace incarnate. He can become a shadow, can become a rock, can disappear while you are watching him, can turn into his ancient self again at any moment.

Now consider the federal and state agencies that are waging war against these two mythical Beings:

The Animal Damage Control (ADC) program in Arizona alone spent more than \$1 million in the last two years shooting, snaring, trapping and poisoning about 29,000 animals, among them coyotes, ravens, bobcats,

foxes, black bears, mountain lions, raccoons, rabbits, dogs, owls and various rodents.

They concentrated heavily on aerial pursuits of coyotes, shooting them from planes and helicopters to protect commercial sheep ranching interests in Northern Arizona. Besides that, our own Game and Fish Department paid the ADC about \$25,000 last year to shotgun coyotes from the air so that hunters in turn would have more antelope to shoot, and of course they did it in the spring when there were new pups in the dens.

Never mind that when large numbers of coyotes are killed, the farmers complain of crop damage from rabbits and prairie dogs. There is a program for poisoning them, too.

And never mind that Coyote has a program of his own. In a stable pack, reproduction is often restricted to one dominant female while the other adults help her tend and feed her young. But if the pack is disturbed (as the aerial shotgun attacks tend to do) the natural order of the pack collapses and subordinate females may breed. Coyotes can counter sudden loss of numbers with a fourfold increase in births.

Now the ADC people are going after ravens with the same fervor they have for killing coyotes. They say they have documented ravens killing calves near Flagstaff and Willcox by pecking their eyes out. This is disputed by Steve Johnson, Southwest representative of Defenders of Wildlife, who says if that were true, Arizona ravens would be engaging in behavior not seen anywhere else in the world.

Even so, the ADC has been poisoning ravens on two Arizona cattle ranches for the past two years, and the state chemist has changed its classification to allow poisoning of ravens "as needed" on a ranch-by-ranch basis anywhere in the state, as long as Game and Fish and the state chemist concur that there is a need. Forms have gone out to cattlemen, polling them on the need to control these crazed killers. ADC has asked the state for a 230 percent increase in funding, to match federal levels and to handle an increasing workload that includes rabies control, public health work—and raven and coyote control.

So now it's these two canny old culture heroes against the feds with all their money and their traps and guns and poison. If the world is as it should be, the feds won't have a chance. Coyote will go on trotting across the hills and Raven will go on playing with the sky. □

*Byrd Baylor has written several award-winning children's books and a novel about Indians in Tucson, Yes Is Better Than No.*

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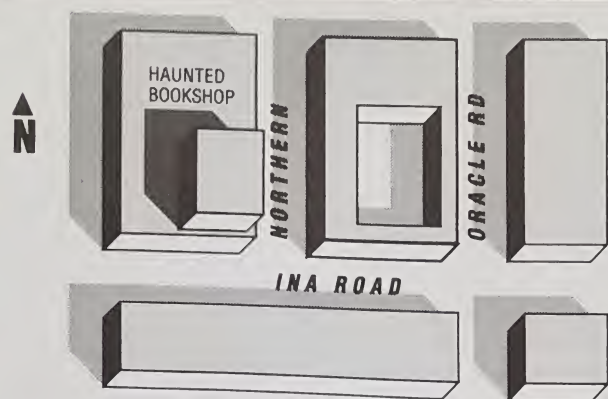
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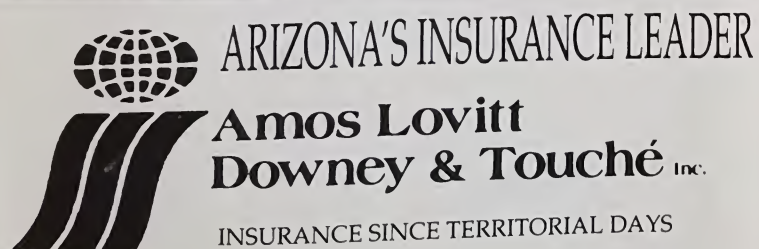
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## BOOKS

# SONGLINES

*Prehistoric rock*

BY GREGORY McNAMEE

"In my childhood," Bruce Chatwin remarks in the opening pages of *The Songlines* (Viking, \$18.95), "I never heard the word 'Australia' without calling to mind the fumes of the eucalyptus inhaler and an incessant red country populated by sheep....I would gaze in wonder at pictures of the koala and kookaburra, the platypus and Tasmanian bush-devil, Old Man Kangaroo and Yellow Dog Dingo, and Sydney Harbour Bridge. But the picture I liked best showed an Aboriginal family on the move." The exotic images remained with the English writer into adulthood, urging him to seek, almost obsessively, the remote, arid corners of the world—Kashmir, the Sahel, Tierra del Fuego, the Sudan—where his earlier books of travel and fiction have been set, making him the most authoritative English desert rat since Doughty and Lawrence.

Australia is the real one is among its chief powers. *The Songlines*, like Barry Lopez's *Winter Count* and Eduardo Galeano's *Memory of Fire*, jumbles the genres of travelogue, novel of ideas, ethnography, memoir, essay, commonplace book, and philosophical argument. While purists may find the technique objectionable, Chatwin's unpredictable form is surprisingly successful, an innovative, moving art that instructs while it entertains.

*The Songlines* is not without its shortcomings, however. Chatwin has never been known as a master of dialogue, and his characters, Aborigines and their white friends and foes, seem calculated by the words he gives them to be transparent symbols of purity on the one hand and destruction on the other. (Between these poles stands Chatwin's principal character, Arkady Volchok, a first-generation Australian

## One sometimes has the feeling that the Australian outback is an intellectual Eden, a continent-wide literary salon

In his latest book, Chatwin travels to the land of his childhood memory, tracking a new obsession: the network of indigenous song with which, Chatwin is convinced, our nomadic ancestors encircled the globe, calling the world and human consciousness into being. Among the Aborigines of the Australian desert, Chatwin discovers one such network, "the paths of the ancestors" or "songlines," a way of naming and remembering each detail of the land by the totemic objects and animals inhabiting it. That discovery brings with it a powerful meditation on the origins of human society, of violence and aggression, and of the inevitable destruction of native ways of knowing, of native societies everywhere.

Chatwin's book is a curious mix. It is a novel, although its setting and characterizations are so realistically and dispassionately rendered that the reader may never suspect that the book is anything other than literary reportage—indeed, the trick of making the reader believe Chatwin's Aus-

who plays Vergil to the Dante named Bruce Chatwin, our narrator.) The characters, too, like Chatwin, are a bookish lot: His outbackers are constantly dipping into the *Ethics* of Spinoza, the latest novels from Eastern Europe, Claude Lévi-Strauss' anthropological reveries, Marcel Proust. Chatwin's own notebooks, from which he quotes extensively, overflow with remarks from Heidegger, Camus, the Fathers of the Church. One sometimes has the feeling that the Australian outback is an intellectual Eden, a continent-wide literary salon—a claim the Australian Tourist Board has yet to advance.

Too, while Chatwin constructs a dichotomy between the purity of Aboriginal culture and the violent, rapacious world of Europe and its colonies, there is surprisingly little Aboriginal presence in the book. Chatwin did not promise us an exhaustive study of Australia's indigenous cultures, and so he cannot really be faulted for failing to explore for us the meaning of the songlines, none of



## BOOKS

which is ever quoted. Still, one wants more of what Chatwin purportedly went to Australia to find, more of the natives themselves. (The one Aborigine who is treated at any length, an apostate priest who renounces Catholicism for his tribal heritage, deserves more than the few pages he is given.)

Chatwin makes up for these shortcomings with clear, powerful writing and an eye for the telling detail that makes a landscape come alive. (Remark- ing on the immensity of the land, one of his walk-on characters comments, "amphetamines are this country's answer to distance. Without them, the place'd seize up.") There is a strong moral voice throughout the pages of *The Songlines*, reminding us that what appears to be primitive may be more so- phisticated than we suspect: "What the whites used to call the 'Walkabout' was, in practice, a kind of bush telegraph-cum-stock exchange, spreading messages between peoples who never saw each other, who might be unaware of the other's exis- tence." And that voice reminds us, again, of the fail- ure of Europe and its descendants to come to terms with our fragile world, with the real savagery that dwells more within the powerful than the dispos- sessed.

It is a curiosity, *The Songlines*, incomplete, heterodox, learned, dependent on the faith and goodwill of its readers, ambitious. Yet, looking be- yond European monoculture for a human nature worth owning up to, insistent in its wandering through forgotten and forbidding lands, it is more compelling than any other novel of the season, and it is a book that deserves to endure.

Gregory McNamee is a Tucson writer and editor.



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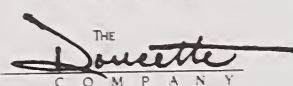
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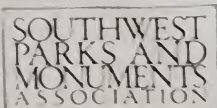
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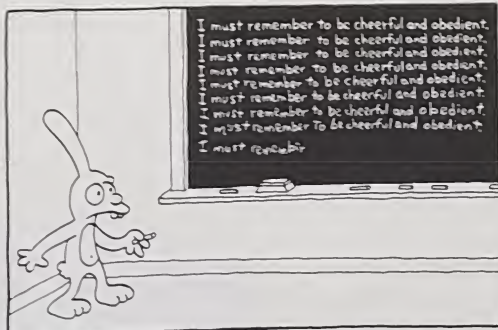
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Laura Greenberg

## Lynn Taber-Borcherdt & Fred Borcherdt

*Lynn Taber-Borcherdt is a painter. Fred Borcherdt, her husband, is a sculptor. They live and work in a house clinging to the face of the Catalinas, 1,000 feet above the Ventana Canyon Golf & Racquet Club.*

**Lynn:** One day in 1970 we looked up at the sky in Chicago, where we lived, and said to heck with this: we haven't seen the sun all year. It was a gutsy and maybe foolish thing to do. We both were in galleries in Chicago, and I had a really good teaching job. But the weather finally got to us.

Living here has changed my painting tremendously. My paintings aren't specifically of the desert, but they're very influenced by the desert's light.

In the early works here, I began painting sharp, over-exaggerated shadows. You would know what time of day it was in the painting by the shadows. Then I started noticing that sometimes when the sun

was setting, and I would be on the other side of a cholla, I could see it glowing. So then I moved into making the objects in the painting glow, or almost pulsate, with light. Now my new thing is to let different colors of light bathe my paintings—the amber of twilight, the blue-green cast of moonlight on the mountainside. I'm fascinated with luminosity and iridescence. If I hadn't come to Tucson, none of this would have found its way into my work. My paintings in Chicago were dark, dark, dark, dark, dark.

The other thing that happened is harder to describe. The soul of my work changed. It had something to do with the quiet, the peace, the serenity, listening to the crickets, watching the hawks soar. I read a lot, thought a lot—things like "who are we?" I turned inward, and that found its way into my paintings. In Chicago, we were always in the midst of a more externally exciting world—what gallery's

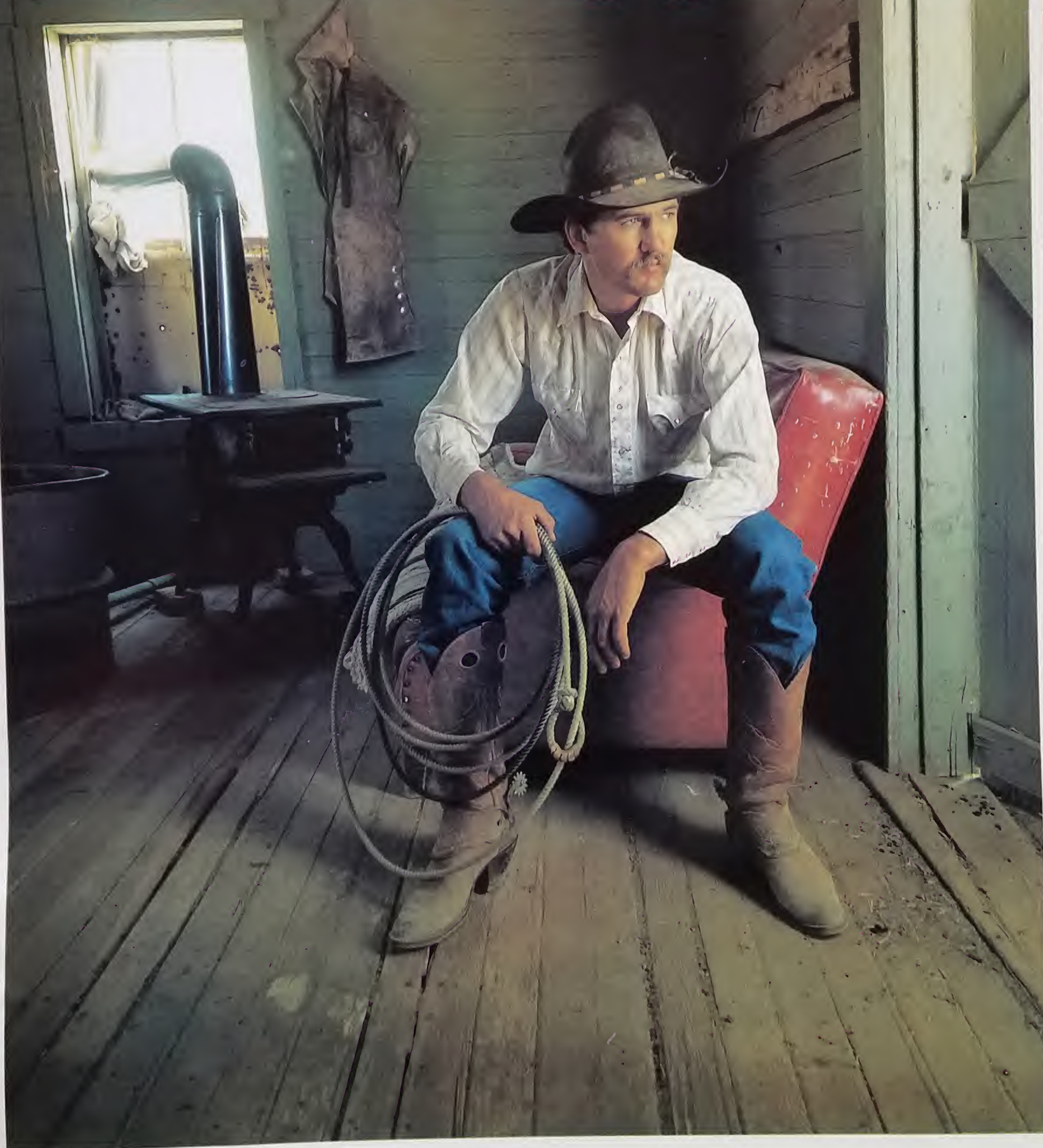
opening, what's playing tonight. I came to the desert and found myself kind of alone.

**Fred:** Most places in the world where you can live, it's flat. Nature usually doesn't stand up and confront you. The mountains do. If you live in a city like Chicago, of course, you're always being confronted by big buildings; you're surrounded by them. But they're impermanent. There's a different kind of presence about the mountains. They always have been here, always will be, and you're just temporary help.

It's very humbling. I find that I do a sculpture that seems really big in my studio, then I take it outside in this landscape and it shrinks. It's had a strong influence in drawing my work toward relating to the environment instead of fighting the environment. You can't fight it here; it's too overwhelming.



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